

The American Girl

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MAY

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1938



Singer will help you make these dresses (Shown on page 34)



Hollywood
1520



Hollywood
1543



Hollywood
1386



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1538

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

V—WILLOW *painted by* ARTHUR B. DAVIES

See page 50, April issue, for a biographical note about the artist

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

MAY • 1938

A QUEEN TOURS AMERICA



ON A warm afternoon in July, 1935, an actress was reading a play. The actress was Helen Hayes, and the play was *Victoria Regina*, a dramatic biography, by Laurence Housman.

This play was a bit thick, literally. Thirty-two one acts, Mr. Housman's proposition for an evening's entertainment. Miss Hayes glanced rather sharply through the formidable collec-

tion, looked about at her roses, sighed, settled to read. Somewhat later in the afternoon guests were coming for a swim; she could put the play down then, having sampled it sufficiently, and enjoy a glorious hour with her friends in the pool.

The live stillness of the summer afternoon enveloped her. Bees hummed over the roses, flies zoomed through the air, off in a field one of her dogs barked, under the big hemlock at the side of the house her little girl laughed, and, regularly, up from the Hudson far below, came the faint whistle of the Nyack-Tarrytown ferry as it plied back and forth across the river.

Miss Hayes was interested in Queen Victoria. The eighty-year-old Hudson River house she and her husband, Charles MacArthur, had recently bought and remodeled was, in front parlor, sitting room, and Miss Hayes's bedroom, thoroughly, beautifully, and lovingly Victorian. In it were the Victorian pieces of furniture she had been collecting for years, the memorabilia of Victoria, and many books on the period and its queen. Victoria, competent, domestic, and regal, had always been near Helen Hayes's heart, and the queen's height would present no difficulties. To an actress only five feet in stature, who had recently played the tall Mary of Scotland, the plump, small figure of England's queen promised relief and release. Why, oh why, had this man Housman written such a devastatingly long play about her?

The serenity of the July sunshine commenced to fall away. The warmth, the soaking goodness of a summer afternoon along the Hudson lifted and vanished. She was in England now on a chill, foggy morning in Kensington Palace. And now it was the cool air of an English spring that played about the walls of Windsor. And now London, sooty—

A car door slammed. Steps crunched on the driveway. Voices. Her guests had arrived. Miss Hayes rose from her chair, hugged in her arms the thirty-two one acts of the pre-

One of the greatest actresses of our day—HELEN HAYES—tells in an interview how she came to play the rôle of Queen Victoria in Laurence Housman's memorable play, and sends a personal message to all the readers of "The American Girl"

By MARY GRAHN

posterous manuscript, and, without a single backward glance, sped to the orchard. There, in the deeper quiet, in the long grass, under the dappled shadows of apple trees, she finished *Victoria*, and if her guests swam till the pool dried up she neither knew nor cared.

That night Helen Hayes sent a cable to producer Gilbert Miller—she would play Victoria.

Ten of those thirty-two one acts make the *Victoria Regina* that is played on the stage.

There is the scene where Victoria is aroused in the gray of the early morning, to be told she is Queen of England. In her nightdress, her long hair falling down her back, the eighteen-year-old girl comes slowly down the stairway of



HELEN HAYES'S HOME IS COMFORTABLY VICTORIAN INSIDE AND OUT



THE YOUNG QUEEN INSISTS TO LORD MELBOURNE THAT HER COUSIN ALBERT MUST BE INCLUDED AMONG HER PROSPECTIVE SUITORS

Kensington Palace. Awkward, uncertain, she begins to realize, before our eyes, the dignity of her position. After the officials have departed she makes her first decision, simple but important: she will have a room of her own.

In one of the rooms of Windsor Castle, Lord Melbourne attempts to guide the thoughts of the fresh, bright, young queen. Intelligent, but obviously not brilliant, she has nevertheless an amazing capacity to learn. She also has a will of her own. There is a certain Cousin Albert who must be included among her suitors. Lord Melbourne cannot guide her there. In the next scene Albert and his brother Ernest arrive. Victoria, happily pounding down the corridor and into the room, capably disposes of Ernest, proposes, in quite womanly fashion, to Albert.

IN THE delicious scene called "Morning Glory" Victoria discovers that her husband shaves. Anyone who has seen the play will never forget the shriek of delight as she swoops across the stage, the dips and peeks as she learns all about it.

Victoria discovers that a queen cannot command a husband who respects himself. Devotion to duty and basic indomitability send her out for her daily ride in the park despite the certainty she will be shot at. Jealousy shows itself in ugly fashion at a state ball, and she must submit to the humiliation she brings on herself by suspecting that the irreproachable Albert is interested in an equally irreproachable lady-in-waiting. In 1861, in her forties, she learns another lesson from Albert, this one in statecraft: England is not to become involved in war because of its attitude toward the American Civil War. Albert's illness foreshadows his death.

The third act curtain goes up on the garden tent at Balmoral. Dumpy, irritable, red in the face, black-edged handkerchief in hand, there sits the actress we have seen as the halting young girl, the happy bride, the troublesome but devoted wife, now, at last, the Victoria most of us think of

when we think of Victoria at all. This is the Victoria who said, "We are not amused," the Victoria who remarked, "We are redder than that," the Victoria who refused to make Rudyard Kipling poet laureate because he called her "the Widow of Windsor." Widow of Windsor, there she sits. The audience breaks into a storm of applause. John Brown comes in, the little dog Mop is taken out, and there follows the long scene with Disraeli in which he professes a devotion that Victoria may take as personal, or political, or both. The queen, who by this time has learned much, gives no indication in words that she has understood Disraeli, and at the end of their talk remains—the Widow of Windsor.

The last scene is little more than a tableau. The stage fills with adoring relatives—the late King George, Queen Mary, other princes and princesses. Victoria, tiny and shrunk-en, is wheeled in at the end of the day that marks her Diamond Jubilee. In the barely raised voice of very old age she relates with enormous relish: "As we were coming back—it was just by Hyde Park Corner—there was a great crowd

All photographs by Vandamm Studio



VICTORIA AND ALBERT PRESIDE AT A RECEPTION AT WINDSOR



THE DELICIOUS SCENE, "MORNING GLORY," IN WHICH VICTORIA AS A YOUNG BRIDE IS FASCINATED WATCHING HER ALBERT SHAVE

there. And a lot of rough men—of course it ought not to have happened, but it didn't matter—broke right through the lines of the police, shouting and cheering me. And I heard them say: 'Go it, Old Girl! You've done it well!' Of course, very unsuitable—the words; but so gratifying! And oh, I hope it's true! I hope it's true!" The play ends on a sigh, the faintest of whispers, the young girl's voice rising wraith-like out of the past: "Albert! Ah! If only you could have been there!"

It is this guileless and most artful *Victoria Regina* that has run for three years—two years in New York City and now for one year on the road—in forty-six cities, through twenty-five States and two Canadian provinces, covering in all 13,835 miles, starting in Hartford, Connecticut, and winding up in Los Angeles, California.

What lies behind its glamour? What infinitely careful steps have made possible the miracle of its performance? What, in short, was a great actress's "homework"?

Helen Hayes is the last person to say acting is work—"It's fun! It's the greatest fun in the world!"—and the first person to say, "There are responsibilities in acting."

MY appointment with Miss Hayes was on a Saturday afternoon before the matinée, back stage. The play was on

the road and would go to its next stop that night. While I waited, for I was several minutes early, I chatted with the doorman. Twenty thousand people had written in for tickets before the play opened. He said, "You ought to see them packing in back here after the matinée." He said Miss Hayes would be on time. She was.



BELOW: A QUEEN GROWS OLDER. VICTORIA BEGS ALBERT TO STOP WORK AND GET SOME NEEDED REST



A PLEDGE FOR HIS QUEEN. AT BALMORAL CASTLE; DISRAELI AND THE ELDERLY VICTORIA COMMISERATE EACH OTHER ON THEIR MUTUAL LONELINESS



OLD AGE AND DIGNITY. VICTORIA AT THE TIME OF HER GOLDEN JUBILEE, STILL AN INDOMITABLE FIGURE AFTER FIFTY YEARS A QUEEN

Lightly and quickly, a small, unassuming person with a long blond bob, she came in as I stood reading the call board. Almost immediately her maid called me.

Dressing Room I was a large, oblong room just off the hall that the doorman guarded. Lights were on over the mirrors of the make-up tables that lined the walls to the left and opposite the door, and make-up materials were carefully laid out. A large rack stood in the shadows of the near corner, holding, under sober covers, the ten costumes of Victoria. Miss Hayes was getting into a blue smock and came forward to greet me cordially. She is beguilingly genuine, with a frank, direct look and a firm handclasp. Immediately I received an impression of charm, intelligence, and courtesy.

Yes, certainly, she would be glad to talk for the readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. A comfortable chair, facing the one in which she would sit to make up, was pulled forward and the little dog, Mop, unceremoniously brushed out.

"I thought the girls who read the magazine would like to know, from you, what went into the making of Victoria," I told her, trying not to be rude to Mop who stood, front paws on my chair, sending messages from melting brown eyes.

"They're just about the age you were when you wore your hair up one day and down in pigtails the next, and lost a job on account of it."

Miss Hayes laughed. That had (Continued on page 35)

FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

The new airport brings prosperity to Homefields and a romantic adventure to Lucy Ellen

I DON'T mean to be ungrateful, but I have sometimes wished my health weren't quite so perfect. I mean there is a sort of appealing quality about fragile people that very vigorous people don't have. If you have seen Greta Garbo in *Camille*, you will readily agree, I am sure, that it is easier to fall in love with a delicate girl than with one who can beat you playing tennis.

But don't misunderstand me. I certainly didn't want my good health to fail me just a week before the opening of the airport. I may have told you that, by a stroke of luck such as positively never happened in our family before, Father leased a part of his farm to the Government for a landing field. It has many advantages. In the first place, the Government pays him a substantial sum each month which, if it continues long enough, will finally pay off the mortgage with which our lives have always been shadowed. In the second place, it decidedly improves the looks of our farm. I don't mean to be critical of farmers when my father and my brother, Pete, both belong to that industry, or trade, or profession, but they really are indifferent to appearances. Since the Government leased a part of the place, it has built gravel roads and whitewashed fences and mowed weeds until Homefields looks more like a country club than a farm.

But the chief advantage, I think, is the social one. I mean, army fliers are attractive people though many, unfortunately, are married. However, many are not, and so the girls in our community get to meet many boys whom, otherwise, they would never meet. Think of it, except for the accident of the location of the airport, I would never have met Ken Murray.

I will never forget the inauspicious circumstances under which I met him. It was about two months before the field was completed. I was washing my hair one morning when I heard a knock at the door. No one was at home but me and our cook, Aunt Susan. Aunt Susan was washing in the back yard so I had to go to answer the door with my hair all sticking to my head, making me look just about as attractive as a drowned rat. When I opened the door and saw Ken standing there, tall and blond and blue-eyed, I was thrown into confusion. But I took refuge in a somewhat haughty manner. "How do you do?" I said, ignoring the little streams of water which were trickling down my neck.

"I'm Ken Murray," said Ken, with a very engaging smile. "I'd like to use your telephone, if you don't mind."

It was impossible to remain haughty, so I smiled what I



I FOUND ALINE STRETCHED OUT ON THE GLIDER, COMFORTABLE IN LINEN SLACKS

HAPPY LANDINGS

Illustrated by PELAGIE DOANE

hoped was a cordial smile, and said, "Certainly, do come in." I led the way into the back hall and left him at the telephone. Then I went back to the bathroom and began frantically drying my hair. I was hoping he would have trouble getting his number and that I would get to see him again before he left, but presently I heard the front door quietly close, and I knew he was gone.

I drove over to the landing field practically every afternoon for a month after that, to see how the work was going and to catch a glimpse of Ken, if possible, but I didn't see anything of him, or hear his name mentioned. I had about given up hope of ever seeing him again, when one Friday my married brother, Pete, came by our house for lunch and brought Ken Murray with him.

It was just like Pete to drop in on us like that, without warning, and bring a very special visitor. Pete wouldn't have minded in the least if we had just served them ham and eggs on the screened porch. But I scurried around and set the table in the dining room. Mother wasn't there, so I took a chance on using her Madeira cloth and her second best plates. The table looked charming. Aunt Susan is always difficult to manage when she is asked to change a menu at the last minute, but that day, by bribing her with my practically new box of bath powder, I induced her to make a raspberry shortcake for dessert. In addition we had broiled ham and omelet, tomato salad, hot biscuits and coffee. Ken ate ravenously and said everything was grand. Apparently he thinks home cooking is a great treat. It is certainly true that a man's heart is located very near his stomach. I suppose even Lancelot forgot Elaine and Guinevere when he sat down to a great smoking dish of roast venison.

Pete and Ken were in a hurry to get back to the field; the

opening day was drawing near, and Ken was going to take part in the flying circus—though young, he is very experienced as a pilot. But, providentially, a heavy shower fell right after lunch and they stayed a while, and Ken and I had a chance to get better acquainted. In fact, before he left he had invited me to take a flight with him on the opening day which was one week from the next day, on Saturday.

"Of course, not in the air circus," he said, "because your mother would think that was too deadly, but in the preliminary flight around the field when the Governor and his staff are arriving."

"Swell!" I said. "I'd love to."

Mother, as I have said, was away at the time and I was far from certain how she would react to the idea of my going up with Ken. I decided to bluff it through. That evening when she got home, I said casually, "Mother, I'm going up on a flight with Ken Murray on the opening day. He's an awfully nice boy."

Without batting an eye, Mother said, "How nice! I've often heard Pete speak of him." Parents are very surprising people. They will object sometimes to the things you thought would please them, and then again they will accept without a struggle things you thought they would not hear to.

Father, as is his custom, blustered a little. "I can't imagine what you mean, Mother," he said, "letting Lucy Ellen risk

"HOW DO YOU DO?" I SAID HAUGHTILY,
IGNORING THE LITTLE STREAMS OF WATER
THAT WERE DRIPPING DOWN MY NECK



her neck in an airplane with a boy you've never even seen. But go ahead. Go ahead. I give up. Young people these days don't want any advice."

"He's a very good pilot, Father," said Mother soothingly. "Pete has been up with him a number of times, and so has Peggy. Lucy Ellen doesn't have an opportunity to help open an airport every day, and I don't think we should spoil the occasion for her."

Which shows you how broad-minded Mother can be. She was not quite so broad-minded, however, about my spending money for something suitable to wear. "Wear riding clothes," Ken had said to me, "then you won't be bothered if you get a spot of grease on them."

He assumed, of course, that I had riding clothes to wear. Little he knew what sort of riding clothes I had—a pair of Pete's old discarded pants, a shirt, and a faded red suede jacket. I certainly didn't intend to let Ken Murray see me in that outfit. But when I mentioned buying riding clothes, Mother was indignant. "How foolish!" she said. "The idea of spending fifty dollars, just for that little occasion! Wear your blue knitted dress."

"But, Mother," I persisted, "it is not just for this one occasion. For years I have wanted jodhpurs and boots and a correct coat to ride in. I ride a lot. If I got them, think how much wear I would get out of them!"

"It's out of the question," Mother said firmly. "Father has just had to make a payment on the tractor." There you have a picture of life on a farm! Cow feed must be bought, barns must be built, tractors must be paid for, and if there's anything left, the family gets the necessities of life.

I didn't like to approach Father. I knew it would start him on a tirade against the dangers of riding in airplanes, and, besides, he is decidedly old-fashioned in his views about girls wearing pants. If it were not for Mother, I'm sure he'd make me ride the old side saddle that's in the barn loft, and drape myself in Granny's old black riding skirt that hangs in the attic.

I WAS determined, however, to have a snappy looking riding habit, even if I had to use desperate measures to get it. I called up Peggy, that night. Peggy is Pete's wife, and nothing at all like I've heard in-laws are. She's darling.

"Listen, Peggy," I said, "I am in a crucial situation. Ken Murray has asked me to go up with him on the opening day, and I have nothing, simply nothing, to wear. Do you know where I can get a decent looking riding suit?"

"Let me think," said Peggy. "Aline Davis has a good looking habit. Do you want to buy it, or borrow it?"

"I haven't a shekel," I said bitterly. "I might trade her the fur cape Aunt Julie gave me last Christmas."

"Why don't you call her up?" said Peggy. "I imagine she will be glad to lend you the suit."

I called up Aline. "Listen, Aline," I said, "can you lend me a riding suit? I am in a state of desperation."

"Gladly," said Aline, "if I can find it. I have such a way of losing my property. Come over in the morning and we'll hunt it up."

When I got to Aline's house next morning, I found her lying in the glider on the porch, wearing red linen slacks and reading *Vanity Fair*. "Hello," she said, "I started reading this book on a bet. But I really like it. You'd never believe it could be so exciting. I mean, how could Thackeray know so much about life, when he lived so long ago?"

"I don't know," I said. "What I'm concerned about is the riding habit. Did you find it?"

"Absolutely," she said. "The pants were behind the window seat, and the coat was in the attic." We went up to her room—which was in such a state I wished Mother could see it, it would make her appreciate the way I keep mine. The suit, aside from the fact that it needed cleaning and pressing, was simply darling, black coat, black and white checked jodh-

purs, white stock, black boots. The boots were a wee bit tight, but I knew I wouldn't have to walk much in them and I was willing to endure some discomfort.

"Here's the derby," said Aline. "Or will you want that?"

"Thanks, but Ken is going to loan me a helmet and goggles."

"You get all the breaks," said Aline enviously, "because the field is on your farm. I've met Ken Murray, he's tops."

It was while I was at Aline's house that I felt the first sharp pain in my right side. I thought I had eaten too much fudge. I took the suit with me and left it at the cleaner's. The boots I took on home with me. I had not mentioned to Mother the plan of borrowing a suit as she greatly disapproves of borrowing other people's clothes, a view I think is unreasonable if you have no other way of making a suitable appearance.

I went straight up to my room and lay down, feeling rather weak and queer. I could hear the freezer turning on the back porch, and my smaller brother and sister, Tommy and Patricia, arguing about who would get to scrape the paddles. I knew we were going to have ice cream for lunch. Usually that fills me with enthusiasm because Aunt Susan makes the best ice cream I have ever tasted. But that morning the thought of anything to eat made me feel nauseated. I tried to read a story, but the pain in my side got worse so I gave it up.

Mother was in town, getting some nails for Father. How I wished she would come home! I dreaded to mention the pain to her, however, because I had a date for that night for the movies, and if Mother ever hears of my having a twinge of any kind, she makes me cancel all engagements.

As it got toward noon, the pain got so much worse that I lost all interest in going anywhere. I began calling Patricia. Little good it does anyone, however, to call for help in this house when Tommy is around! He makes so much noise that no one else can be heard. I didn't feel equal to going downstairs, so I lay there suffering and wishing Mother would come. Drops of perspiration came out on my forehead and I thought I had been poisoned and was going to die. The thought of missing the airport opening was so sad that I burst into tears.

Mother heard me moaning as she came in the front door. She hurried up to my room. "Lucy Ellen," she said, "what's the matter, dear? Are you sick?" She came over and put her hand on my head and felt my pulse. Then she said, in the quiet voice she always uses when she's scared, "Just lie still, darling. I'm going to call Doctor Trimble and ask

him to take a look at you. I think you have eaten something that has disagreed with you."

In a few minutes she came back. "He says he will be here in half an hour," she said, "and for me not to give you any medicine until he has examined you." So I had to lie there and be miserable until he came—only with Mother there, it wasn't so bad.

Doctor Trimble is a dear old man. He has been our doctor ever since we were born. He came in pretty soon, smelling like a drug store.

"Ha, young lady," he said, drawing up a chair to the side

of my bed, "you look as pale as a lady in a novel. Quite romantic." He took out some instruments and listened to my heart and lungs. He took my temperature, gingerly examined my right side, and asked me some very personal questions. At last he leaned back in his chair and said, "Well, young lady, it looks like you've got appendicitis."

Mother gave a little gasp. "Oh, doctor!" she said.

"Nothing to worry about these days, my dear," said Doctor Trimble soothingly. "In fact I think it's getting to be a point of etiquette. What every well-brought-up young lady should have." He fumbled in his bag, and then gave me a shot of something in my arm to ease the pain. Soon I got drowsy. I was barely conscious of Mother packing things into a bag, and Doctor Trimble downstairs phoning for the ambulance. Father came tiptoeing in and stood looking down at me with the most distressed expression on his face. Pat and Tommy came to the door and peeped in with scared, respectful faces until Mother sent them downstairs. It was really sort of pleasant, being the center of so much concern.

Father carried me downstairs when the ambulance came. Mother got inside with me, and made little feeble jokes about what a sensation we would make, passing through town. Father and Doctor Trimble came along behind in the doctor's car. Did you ever ride in an ambulance? It is sort of thrilling, the way every one gets out of your way, but rather too conspicuous for my taste. It is twenty-five miles from our farm

to Our Lady of Mercy Hospital, and before we got there I had had enough, and more than enough, of ambulance riding.

When we arrived, Father and Doctor Trimble helped the orderlies lift me out. They put me on a sort of table on wheels, and pushed me into the surgery to be examined. They decided to wait until morning to operate on me. Then two nurses wheeled me down a long corridor with signs on different doors that said, "Sleeping," "No Visitors," "Quiet, please." I had never been inside a hospital before, and I was scared pink. Especially when they stopped at a door beside which stood a life-sized figure in plaster, decorated in blue and gold.

"Who is that?" I asked.

The Corncrib

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

It is good to have one right
Thing at least to please the sight
On a farm, and here was one.
The parlor did not face the sun,
The lilac bush was all at sea
And not where a lilac bush should be,
The trees were maples and too near,
The barn's roof was too steep and sheer
And the tie-up at the wrong
End of it. There was no long
Shed to bring the folks and cows
Together. There were rusting plows
In the barnyard, and a sleigh
Standing out in midst of May.

But the corncrib there was fine,
And the corn ears' golden shine
Came out bright through all the slats;
The legs of it were tinned for rats,
The sides of it sloped in, so rain
Could not get at the airy grain.
It was the shape of a breakfast bun,
It made a man's mind start to run
On Dundee pudding and johnnycake
To see the shining stuff to make
Suppers and breakfasts for a year,
Piled up high there, ear on ear,
And safe from mildew and the mice.
It was a farm to look at twice.

"That's Saint Joseph," said one of the nurses. "He looks so kind, doesn't he?" She opened the door, and pushed me into a small bedroom. Mother came in behind us. The nurses, rustling with starch, soon got me into bed. They acted as if it was nothing unusual for me to be there. They adjusted the window shades, raised the windows, put ice water and a glass on the table by the bed, showed me how to ring for a nurse, brought in a more comfortable chair for Mother, and then they left us.

Mother said, in that falsely bright tone people use for talking to the sick, "Well! Isn't it cheerful here? And aren't the nurses lovely girls?"

I liked the nurses, but I didn't think the place was cheerful, and less so when the doctor came in with Father and said, "Well, young lady, get a good night's rest. We'll see you in the morning." And he put a parting shot into my arm.

Father said brokenly, "Do you want anything before I leave, honey?"

I said, "I just want to get well before the day the airport opens. If Ken Murray calls, tell him I'll be home next Saturday morning. Then maybe he won't ask anybody else to go up in my place."

Father said, "I'll tell him." But he looked at Mother in a very solemn way. I knew he thought I was going to die and would have wings of my own before Saturday. He always thinks we are going to die when we get sick, and he never can conceal his fears from the patient.

WHEN they were gone, Mother read to me out of *Selected Poems for Young People*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. I love the way she writes, even if I don't understand what she means. Soon I dozed off to sleep and had a queer dream. I thought I went up in a plane with Ken, and suddenly I looked and he was not there, and I was falling to earth in the plane at a great rate of speed. I nearly jumped out of bed.

Mother laid her hand on me. "Wait a minute," she said. "This is not a diving board you are on."

"It feels more like an ironing board," I said. "It's so high and narrow I don't see why the patients don't all fall out and break their legs." I dozed again, and when I waked it was supper time. Mother was lying on the cot near me, and my room looked small and strange and dismal. Through my front window, which overlooked a little screened porch, I could see the nurses putting out the cut flowers and potted plants to get the cool night air. The porch looked like a greenhouse. I wondered forlornly if Ken would think of sending me any flowers.

A brisk red-haired nurse came in to relieve Mother while she went to supper. They said I couldn't have any supper that night, not a bite. When Mother went out of the room

A HEAVY SHOWER FELL RIGHT AFTER LUNCH AND KEN MURRAY AND I HAD A CHANCE TO GET ACQUAINTED



I said, "Is my mother going to spend the night with me?"

"I'm going to spend the night with you," said the nurse, pulling down the window shades. "Unless the patient is very sick, we can't have any of the family spending the night."

At that I had a burst of homesickness and I began to cry. "Oh, see here," said the nurse, "your mother will be here till bedtime. Then she's just going across the street. You're not so sick, you know. Appendicitis isn't anything."

At that I got mad. "Oh, yeah?" I said. "Did you ever have it just a week before you were going up in a plane the first time with somebody you like a lot? And were you ever homesick?"

"Sure," she said briefly. "I've had appendicitis and I've been homesick. I don't like the South. California's God's country. I like mountains. I mean sure enough mountains with snow on top all summer. I don't like Negro cooking, it's too greasy. Chinese is better. I'm going home for my vacation." She reached over and straightened my pillows expertly. She was so good-natured I couldn't help liking her, even if her bedside manner was more like a cold shower than anything else.

Mother came back and read to me until I went to sleep. I didn't know when she left. When I waked it was a drizzly, dark morning. I felt scared.

"Good-morning," said my nurse, brisker than ever. "Time for your bath. You slept like a log."

I didn't get a bite of breakfast though I was weak and hungry, but Mother came in early and brought me a box of yellow roses from good old Harry (Continued on page 31)

IF NO SPECIAL INVITATIONS ARE TO BE SENT OUT, THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PARTY MAY BE MADE ON THE SCHOOL BULLETIN BOARD



Illustrated by
MARGUERITE
DE ANGELI

YOUR SCHOOL GIVES A PARTY

by BEATRICE PIERCE

THERE is to be a party at your school—and you are on the committee to plan and manage this important affair. If you have been on committees before, it may be that you are the chairman. It's an honor to be chairman, of course, but a big responsibility, too—as no doubt you may be thinking. Quite naturally you want the party to be a success. How to go about it? Well, let's see.

The chief thing to remember is that a good chairman doesn't try to do everything herself. Instead she gets other people to do the work—willingly and enthusiastically. So, in selecting her committee, she not only looks for good workers, but she has an eye out for those who are capable of working *willingly and enthusiastically*. They must be dependable, but dependability isn't enough. To put over a successful party the committee members must be girls (or boys) who know how to have a good time themselves, who know what constitutes a good time, and who can make others catch their enthusiasm.

With these points in mind (supposing you are chairman), look around among the people you know at school and try to select the very most suitable group you can. Be severe in your requirements and don't make the mistake of asking too many people to serve. You will have enough to do without worrying over the difficulties of a large committee. If you have ever served on one, you know how it is when some can come to meetings, though others can't. And the time wasted in useless arguments! Five or six congenial souls will accomplish more any time than twenty conflicting spirits.

There is another characteristic of a good chairman that is worth thinking about. It is the willingness to seek expert

Perhaps you'll be appointed to the committee and have to help plan it—in any case you'll find some helpful advice here

advice. Only a very conceited, or a very foolish, person sets out on an unknown venture without consulting those who have had more experience than he has. Don't be afraid of having people on your committee who know more than you do about certain things. Ask the boy or girl who ran last year's party to sit in on your deliberations. Or ask one of the teachers in the school who has helped with other parties to come to your committee meetings as a consultant.

When the committee meets, probably the first thing to decide is the kind of party you are going to have. What will be the most fun for everybody? That should be your criterion. For, of course, a school party is for the whole school and should be something the majority will enjoy. If you are chairman, you should have some general suggestions ready for the committee to consider.

A fine old stand-by which never seems to grow stale (and which you might want to mention) is a masquerade, ending in a dance, a play, or an evening of games. A masquerade is invariably a good party. It is a good party for the reason that *everybody has something to do*. All the guests have to dress up before they come. They all have to be somebody else for a while—a dashing matador, a queen, a romantic Arab of the desert, a troubadour, a knight, a clown, a dog, a cat, a horse! With every one having something to do, and every one being some one else, your crowd arrives in the

mood for fun and the party practically carries itself along.

In planning a masquerade, sometimes it is interesting to work out a special idea. For instance, you may ask everybody to be a baby, or a pirate, or a character in a book, or a modern celebrity. There are endless possibilities. The masquerade may be a beautiful and dignified affair, suitable for a Washington's Birthday dance, the orchestra sometimes interspersing the modern tunes with a minuet to be performed by a group who have learned this lovely old dance for the occasion. Or it can be a baby party with everyone being as ridiculous as possible, crawling in a race, being judged for the most beautiful, for having the most natural crying voice, and the like.

Another old stand-by is the stunt party. Here again every one has to take part and do something for the entertainment of the others. In planning this sort of party make sure that absolutely every one who comes really shares in the stunts, even though it is only to take part in the chorus. Explain to your guests before the party that stunts are expected of the various groups in the school. Ask each school organization—the literary society, the debating team, the football squad, for instance, to be prepared. Or have it a class affair, with the Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors each responsible for a stunt. Tell the different groups, in a general way, what the stunts are to be like. For example, you might require a stunt that has something to do with history, with school activities, with current events, or with the future. Or you might require a movie, a song and dance act, an original play, or any one of a dozen things, sensible or otherwise. Give each group something tangible to work on. Stimulate a little rivalry and the chances are you will be delighted with the cleverness and originality of the results you will obtain.

Besides the masquerade and the stunt party, there is what might be called the "occasional party," the party which takes its name or theme from a special occasion, or season. Halloween, St. Valentine's, St. Patrick's, and Christmas parties are examples. Their possibilities should not be overlooked, especially in planning decorations, refreshments, and games.

HAVING decided the type of party, you begin your arrangements. Assign each member of the committee certain definite things to do. One may have charge of the invitations, one the refreshments, one the music, one the program, one the receiving of guests. Make a list of the jobs to be done. Elect a secretary to keep notes of the assignments and of the decisions which the committee makes. The whole committee should take part in the general discussion as to time, place, guests, etc. Then each individual member should take final responsibility for his or her own department. But you, as chairman, must not consider that, having turned certain duties over to certain people, your worries are at an end. Indeed they may have just begun. For you have to keep a watchful and tactful eye out to see that the committee members actually do the work they have promised to do. You must not take away any member's interest by letting him think that *you* will do his or her work, if he or she doesn't do it. You mustn't seem nosy, either, and yet you *have* to know that the necessary arrangements are being made. Sometimes you can find out just how things stand by asking interested questions, or by offering to help. It is a delicate problem for a chairman to work out.

One of the very first things to take care of is the sending of the invitations. The committee as a whole usually compiles the list of guests who are to (Continued on page 42)

A MASQUERADE IS INVARIABLY A GOOD PARTY WHERE EVERY ONE HAS THE FUN OF DRESSING UP AND BEING SOMEBODY ELSE FOR A WHILE



NOTHING EVER HAPPENS

Illustrated by HARVÉ STEIN

by MARY AVERY GLEN

CLANCY POCKET twisted his fierce black mustache and glared at his daughter Beryl. Clancy was a kind father and loved his children. He blustered now because he was surprised and hurt. "Ah don't want no more talk of that kind, Berry. Ah'm ashamed of you! You-all's got as good a home as any little gal in the State of Texas. Next thing we'll hear tell that you're ashamed of yore Pa and Ma. Mistuh Kimball's been mighty good to me, and Ah ain't goin' to let his little niece come all the way down here from New York without havin' her out to make us a visit. She's goin' back Nawth day after to-morra. Ah've asked her, and she's comin' this afternoon. And Ah want you-all to make her have a good time. Ah don't want no more back talk!"

Berry turned and, biting her lips, went slowly down the steps of the lower gallery. She had failed to make Pa understand. She was ashamed of her home only because she loved it. And it devastated her to have that stuck-up girl come out to the weird old double-galleried house smothered in magnolias and live oaks and then go back to New York—that place of wonders—and laugh about it with her stuck-up friends. Of course nobody could help but admire the roses and cape jasmine, and the way the afternoon sun sprayed into red-gold mist through the beards of Spanish moss, but what would that girl think of their bare floors, and of dear Ma's sunbonnet, and the tobacco stains spattered on the front of Pa's shirt?

Glancing up, as she drooped around the corner of the house, she could see through the railing of the high gallery her sister lying in the hammock. Berry enjoyed her brother Dave, fifteen, just a year older than herself, and her little twin brothers, but Gracie Mae sometimes aggravated her. Gracie Mae was eighteen, plump, indolent, and sentimental. When she wasn't fussing up her old dresses with finery out of the trunks in the garret, she seemed always to be lolling in the hammock.

Hearing her younger sister's footsteps, Gracie Mae half raised her head. Her usually placid eyes showed an unwonted animation. "We-all will have to start to Arroya for the singin' at two o'clock, Berry."

Early that morning, on business in Arroya, a new real estate development twenty miles away, Pa had given the objectionable invitation to his Northern friend, Mr. Kimball, president of the realty company, without dreaming of consulting his people at home. With hearty hospitality and the high-handedness of fathers in disposing of their children's time and actions, he had said that his two daughters would drive over that afternoon to the concert to be held in the newly completed schoolhouse. And that they would like to bring Rhoda, Mr. Kimball's niece, back with them for an

Berry rebelled at having a "stuck-up" New York girl come to visit her Texas plantation home where nothing exciting ever happened—until she got a new slant on the matter through the eyes of her guest



THE MONKEY BECAME
SORBED IN THE CAKE
SOAP AS THEY WAITED
TO CONTINUE HIS BANQUET

overnight visit. Mr. Kimball had been pleased. There were no young companions for his niece in Arroya. And, on Clancy's assurance that Ma would be more than delighted, he had taken the liberty of accepting for Rhoda.

The rest of the Pockets—with the exception of Dave whom the very thought of a strange girl dissolved into a delirium of bashfulness—had received Clancy's news with excited pleasure. People seldom came to see them. They lived too far from any neighbor. A new face was an event. Only Berry had been silent, but the frown between her brows had expressed her passionate disapproval.

At two o'clock the old car coughed its way around the house to the front door under the guidance of Dave who, to his relief, had not been bidden to accompany his sisters.

Gracie Mae, her sandy locks fresh from the curling iron, appeared on the gallery, working plump hands into a pair of white kid gloves. Her wide leghorn hat overflowed with none-too-crisp flowers, and her full pink chin crushed down a flaring bow ripped from an old bonnet and tied again artfully to conceal discolored places where the loops had faded. (As there were no stores within a radius of a hundred miles, all new clothing had to be chosen through the catalogues of the mail-order houses.)

Gracie Mae eyed her younger sister dubiously. "You-all look powerful plain, Berry. Can't you trick up some? We're goin' to see lots of folks. Ah reckon in New York they're right fancy."

Berry was dark and slim like her father and mother. At fourteen she could lay little claim to prettiness, but in her fine eyes and clean-cut features, and in the stubborn wave of her cropped hair there lay promise of characteristic beauty to come.

"Ah don't want to look fancy," she said. Then, belying her own words, she turned into the hall again and clattered up two flights to her little bedroom, partitioned off beneath the rafters of the garret.

Plain? Of course she looked plain. She didn't need Gracie Mae to remind her of that. But, even so, she preferred her own unadorned old blue suit to her sister's furbelows. However, doubtful of her convictions, she snatched from a drawer a bunch of garnet velvet geraniums and pinned it at one side of her blue sailor hat. The flowers were heavy and dragged at the hat annoyingly. Running downstairs she straightened it with an impatient hand.

Clancy came out to see them off. He had forgotten his displeasure with Berry, and looked his daughters over approvingly. "You gals sure can show a buggyful o' style," he joked, easing his elder daughter into the driver's seat.

Berry climbed into the back. She was too mad at Pa to accept either his help or his blandishments. And as they chugged down through the live oak grove her thoughts were bitter. For—undreamed of by her family—Berry knew all about New York. She knew about its theaters and night-clubs and the wonderful gowns on sale in its smart shops. On one of her infrequent trips to Arroya with Pa, Mrs. Kimball had given her a great pile of fashion magazines—frivolous ones with gorgeous photographs. And the magazines were the taproot of her discontent. She had hidden them safely under her bed, and her parents never knew of the hours she burned the midnight kerosene learning by heart every line of those alluring pictures.

FRAGMENTS swam now before her inner vision. A woman in a tall hat and floating chiffons, sombre eyelids lowered, standing beside a great calla lily sculptured in black marble. Another in pencil-slim velvet, leaning on a harp. Of course Berry had sense enough to know that these were not everyday clothes—they were party dresses. But Mrs. Kimball's smart sport suits and the crisp silhouettes of the other wives of the "Company" were so different from anything she had ever seen that they made the pictures credible. Did Pa realize that this New York girl might expect him to appear at supper in a tail coat? How could they entertain her? Nothing ever happened in the Pocket household. In her tumult and misery Berry overlooked the fact that Rhoda was only fourteen.

The little auditorium of the new school house was filled with an ill-assorted audience—the officers of the realty company with their wives—very social; a big excursion of possible investors brought down from the North to look over the land; people from outlying districts, like herself and Gracie Mae; poor whites with crying babies and lean hound dogs.

Berry saw none of them. Stiff and silent, she sat with head down and eyes half closed, mind, soul, and senses withdrawn. Ordinarily she would have enjoyed the concert ecstatically, but to-day her chagrin over the coming visit and her suddenly awakened consciousness of the difference between herself and Gracie Mae and the smartly dressed Northerners was so acute that she hardly heard the music. Bolting out when the affair was over, she climbed again into the back seat of the car, leaving her sister lingering on the school steps in the hope of persuading someone to stop awhile and chat.

Home-going people passed Berry in scattered groups on their way to buggies and cars parked at the edge of a stand of timber. With their womenfolks, the officers of the Company clustered about the schoolhouse to point out the region's rosy prospects to the excursionists and to shake their hands with hopeful cordiality.

Borne along on the tide, Gracie Mae appeared. Her weight on the running board tipped the car and she squeezed herself into place again behind the wheel. "Ah seen Mistuh Kimball and his niece." She seemed a little out of breath.



Y BECAME
THE CAKE
THEY WATE
UE HIS BA



"YOU-ALL LOOK PRETTY AS A PINK POSY!" BERRY, BURST OUT, HER EYES ELOQUENT ABOVE THE SHEET

"Mis' Kimball ain't out to-day. She's sick. He's talkin' to a lot o' folks. He asked would we-all wait a minute here in the car. They're comin' right away."

As Gracie Mae spoke, Berry heard Mr. Kimball's pleasant voice. He greeted her cordially and then turned to the young girl beside him. "Berry, this is my niece Rhoda," he said, smiling. "You and she are just about the same age—you ought to have lots to talk about."

Rhoda Kimball was pink and white, gently blue-eyed, with a beautifully cared-for daintiness. Her dress was tailored white linen and her topcoat dark blue. Socks, above white shoes, showed a blue stripe. Her blond hair clustered in ringlets under a Panama hat, plain save for a dark blue band. Apparently she had left her calla lily at home.

"Hello," she said, a little shyly, and made as though to step up beside Berry. But Berry's "Howdy" was so forbidding that she took her place instead beside the older sister who broke out at once into hospitable conversation. Berry had never before been thankful for Gracie Mae's gift of drawing talk, but to-day it was an asset. Studying the two backs, as the car jerked forward, she was quick enough to see that the visitor's smart simplicity made her sister's appearance grotesque. So, unperceived in the rear seat, she took off her own hat, jerked out the flowers and crumpled them into her pocket.

The drive home was not as bad as Berry had anticipated. Rhoda did her share of the talking and—marvelous to state—seemed to enjoy everything she saw. She squealed with laughter when the "hawg wallahs" in the rough prairie road bounced her off the seat and, nearing home on the Pocket land, asked all manner of questions about the long-horned cattle from which Clancy Pocket made a comfortable living for his family. About the crawfish holes, dotting with mud-pie roses the clayey soil, Berry herself was forced to concede that the visitor seemed almost human.

"Crawfish, did you say? Stop a minute and let me get out! I want to dig for one! I want to see what they look like!"

But Gracie Mae did not slacken speed. "You-all couldn't ketch up with them," she giggled. "They can dig faster'n you can."

"Oh, what beautiful flowers!" Rhoda cried, at the sight of the cape jasmine bushes, sprinkled over the acre of bare tamped earth before the door. "But why do you plant them like that—right out in the bare ground? Why don't you have a nice green lawn?"

"You can't have both grass and flowers," Berry informed her stiffly. It was the first time she had spoken. "We-all like flowers."

With a bunch of roses as big as a bridal bouquet, Pa—in a freshly ironed shirt—came down the steps to help them alight. There was quite a commotion. Ma, on the gallery, crushed roses and Rhoda to her maternal breast, and kissed the visitor warmly. The governess, standing beside Mrs. Pocket, kissed her, too, though timidly. Miss Mittie had been a member of the household since Gracie Mae was a little girl—for, until the school had been built at Arroya, there had been none within reach. She taught the children all she knew, and much that she didn't, including French and the piano.

Dave, scarlet and mute, was introduced. A sooty knot of woolly heads showed itself outside the kitchen door at the end of the long hall, and Ma brushed past the dark, peeping faces to stand at the door to the back gallery and call musically for the twins. "Willie! Stevie! You-all come in now! The company's come!"

According to Berry, supper was pretty awful. Not that the food left anything to be desired. Ma had outdone herself. The table leaves fairly sagged under the feast. Fried chicken and baked ham, half a dozen vegetables, jam and pickles and hot bread. And such an array of cake and custard that Willie and Stevie, round eyes of anticipation fixed on the sideboard, forgot to taste the food already in their mouths.

IF GRACIE MAE only had been content to let well enough alone! But she had beguiled Ma into calling in the young Negro, Blue, from the field and had put him into an old Palm Beach coat to serve as butler in place of Sassy—short for Sassafras—the colored woman who usually waited on the table. Blue was scared to death. He had never been inside the dining room at mealtime before in his life, and his blunders and the tramping of his heavy shoes on the floor boards were hardly to be borne.

Berry knew her father well enough to perceive that Blue was getting on his nerves. And when the poor fellow actually turned over a glass of water almost into Rhoda's plate, Clancy's patience gave out. Half rising in his chair, he bellowed at the discomfited butler, "You, Blue, ain't you-all got no manna's? Get out to the corn patch where you belong!" Stepping daintily around the table in his Cuban-heeled riding boots, he himself mopped up the water with his napkin and passed Rhoda the sweetened pumpkin with Southern courtesy.

After supper Clancy took charge. He marshalled them all into the big, unceiled front parlor with its row of oil portraits—two, Ma's Virginia grandparents, painted by a noted artist of bygone days—hanging with (Continued on page 45)

BERMUDA in a BOTTLE . .

*How the flowery essence of the land of lilies
is captured and retained in delicate perfumes*

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

YOU take the glass stoppers from the little flacons, and the fragrances of Bermuda come drifting forth; oleander perfume, bringing back memories of gorgeous hedges of the flowers in full bloom, red, pink, and white. Jasmine fragrance, reminding you of Bermuda nights when the stars overhead were very bright and clear, and from the dark greenery came the chant of the invisible tree toads, a high musical note like the chiming of thousands of tiny bells. Easter lily perfume, recalling fields of tall white flowers and a breeze bringing sweetness almost too heavily sweet. And, last but not least, passion flower perfume, subtle, delicate, indescribably lovely as the rare blossoms from which it is extracted.

THE EASTER LILY, THOUGH NOT A NATIVE BERMUDA FLOWER, HAS BECOME A SYMBOL OF THE ISLANDS. BELOW: THE OLEANDERS ALSO FIND THEIR WAY INTO BOTTLES OF PERFUME



Photograph by EWING GALLOWAY
All other photographs by
JOHN BRANSBY



If you have never been "perfume conscious" before you go to Bermuda, you will be after you arrive. Almost every store features French and English perfumes for about half of what you pay in the States; and, in addition to the imported fragrances, there are the local products of Bermuda. The Lili Perfume Factory is one of the standard "sights" of the island. Here you may see how the various flowers are gathered and coaxed into giving up their scent. The prices begin at a point which any tourist can afford. And they rise upward into luxury brackets that make you feel you're being extravagant just to look at the bottle!

The story of perfume goes back into the dimness of unrecorded history. From earliest times, fragrant flowers and the incense of aromatic gums were offered upon the altars of pagan gods. And later, during the Christian era, the practice was continued.

The first perfumes were in the form of scented oils and pastes made from flowers. Attar of roses is one of the most ancient, thousands of petals being used to make a single drop of oil. It was considered as precious as myrrh and frankincense.

An ancient Egyptian document specifies that "scented oils" were to be used solely for the worship of the gods. The next step was, logically enough, that perfumed ointments could be used only by royalty. And, for many centuries thereafter, flower oils and pastes were

associated only with members of the *haut monde*, so to speak. Lesser people had to be content with rubbing flowers upon their persons, and wearing blossoms in their hair.

Just where, along the line of perfume's development, the curious elements of civet and ambergris entered, is unknown. Civet, an overwhelming scent obtained from the African civet cat, is of itself too strong to be classed as a fragrance. Yet, when it is mixed in minute proportions with flower oils, it acts not only as a fixative, but intensifies the perfume.

Ambergris, as you probably know, is a curious, lumpish substance that is, as you might say, the result of a whale's stomach ache. It floats on the water, or is found in the intestines of sperm whales who have



THE STRANGE INGREDIENTS THAT GO INTO THE MAKING OF THE RARE AND EXOTIC PASSION-FLOWER PERFUME: THE FLOWERS, LUMPS OF AMBERGRIS USED AS FIXATIVE, AND CIVET, FROM ETHIOPIAN CIVET CATS, WHICH COMES FROM AFRICA IN HORNS LIKE THIS TIGHTLY STOPPERED WITH A COVERING OF HIDE



A CLOSE EXAMINATION OF THE PICTURE ABOVE WILL REVEAL THE VARIOUS SYMBOLS WHICH CAUSED THE MISSIONARY PRIEST TO CHRISTEN THE LOVELY BLOSSOMS "PASSION FLOWERS"



A PERFUME FACTORY THAT LOOKS LIKE A TYPICAL BERMUDA HOUSE—EXACTLY WHAT IT IS

eaten too heartily of squid and cuttle fish. It is amber or gray in color, waxy hard to the touch, yet very light in weight. And it is so rare that, before synthetic flower fragrances were created, ambergris was almost worth its weight in gold. Its function in perfume manufacture is to make the fragrance

more lasting. But why it does so, and how it was first discovered that it could be so used, is one of those things that some one wiser than I will have to tell you.

But—coming back to the bottled fragrances of Bermuda—it seems strange now that there was ever a time when the islands were not glowing with scented, colorful blossoms. Think of an Easter lily, and your mind immediately connects it with Bermuda. Yet it is not a native of the islands. Its original habitat is a small group of islands near Japan, and the first bulbs were brought to Bermuda in 1874 by General Russell Hastings, an American, a retired Civil War veteran.

The strange flowers thrived in Bermuda soil, and the General began growing them on a large scale to supply the bulbs to ready markets in the United States and foreign countries. But, although other farmers started raising the profitable lilies, no one gave serious thought to developing a perfume industry. The tops of the lovely stalks were ruthlessly cut when they were in full bloom, for in those days there was no way of sending the flowers themselves to other countries, and the bulbs developed better if the blooms were sacrificed.

Many other flowers were being introduced to the islands at the same time. Travelers brought plants with them from far lands, and the hospitable soil of Bermuda made almost all of them at home. Jasmine came from the tropics, and the oleander made its appearance in 1879. The first rare passion flower was brought from New Zealand, and sweet peas were imported from the United States.

And so the blossoms of Bermuda breathed their fragrance into the sunshiny air unchecked. It was not until 1929 that a young American chemist and consulting engineer, Herbert Scott, determined to experiment with the Easter lilies that were going to waste, and see if perfume could not be made from them.

He came to the islands originally for a vacation, and be-

came a Bermudian by adoption, marrying into the Smith family, one of the oldest in the islands.

Mr. Scott began his experiments in a quaint old wooden building tucked back in the woods near Bailey's Bay. The first year's work was a failure. The quality of the perfume was wrong. But he was not ready to give up. He determined to try the French method, called *enfleurage*, before abandoning the attempt entirely. He had one great advantage—a limitless number of blossoms to work with. For the output of lily bulbs had increased enormously, and tons of flowers were cut off and either fed to the hogs, or thrown into the sea. (Now, I might remark in passing that, thanks to new methods of refrigeration, bouquets of Easter lilies are sent to any part of the States, and arrive as fresh as the day they left their island home.)

But it was not until the third year that the indefatigable young chemist and engineer succeeded in perfecting a perfume which had the true fragrance of the flower. At first

of the exquisite flower perfumes of France. The highly refined mutton tallow absorbs the fragrance, the time depending on what flowers are being worked with. Jasmine exhausts its perfume in less than a day, while Easter lilies continue to give off fragrance four or five days.

After the correct amount of absorption, the exhausted flowers are removed and fresh blooms are placed in the chassis. The operation is repeated until the mutton tallow is saturated with the typical fragrance of the blossoms.

The tallow, called the *corps*, is then collected in containers, heated carefully, and when melted is known as *pomade*.

The inner room of the Lili Factory is not quite so interesting to the layman who knows nothing about perfume except that it smells good. Nevertheless, it is a most important place. For here is the machinery for washing the pomade in high proof alcohol. This is the laboratory where the delicate work of blending is done. On the shelves are lumps of ambergris and rows of ox horns containing civet from Ethiopia. The amount of these two exotic ingredients used is not revealed. That is one of the "trade secrets" of the perfumer's art.

Even the final packaging of Bermuda flower (Continued on page 41)



LEFT: THE FIRST STEP IN THE MANUFACTURE OF PASSION-FLOWER PERFUME IS THE CAREFUL CLIPPING OF THE BLOSSOMS IN THE EARLY MORNING. WHEN ON THE VINES, THEY ARE THE COLOR OF DEEP-HUED AMETHYSTS

the demand was small. But the ever increasing throngs of tourists liked the idea of taking home a bottle of Easter lily fragrance from Bermuda as something definitely "native."

The business soon outgrew the picturesque old building in the woods. The "Lili Perfume Factory" was the result. And a more charming or novel "factory" would be hard to find in any part of the world. It is a very old and beautiful Bermuda house that has been partially reconstructed to make the necessary room for working with the fresh flowers and for the machinery incident to the later processes.

You either pedal up to the flower-bowered entrance on your bike, or ride in more style in a carriage. A courteous Negro attendant shows you the entrance, and you go down a few steps into a cement-floored basement which is called the "extraction room." A wave of fragrance envelops you. If you are visiting the islands in the early spring, or at Easter time, the "factory" will be working almost exclusively with lilies. Great baskets of the lovely white blossoms will be ranged around the whitewashed walls, and young women will be carefully placing the waxy flowers in glass-bottomed boxes called *chassis*. Just above the layer of blossoms but not quite touching them, are tight-fitting covers of glass, thickly covered with a specially prepared mutton tallow. This is the famous "enfleurage" method that is responsible for so many

BELOW: THE SECOND STEP IS TO PLACE THE FLOWERS ON A THIN COATING OF MUTTON TALLOW SPREAD OVER THE SURFACE OF A GLASS-BOTTOMED TRAY. THE THICK TALLOW ABOVE WILL, IN TIME, ABSORB THE SUBTLE AND EVANESCENT FRAGRANCE OF THE BLOOMS



MAKE-BELIEVE DOG

By

NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD

CONCLUSION

CLAIRE was through the door and racing across to the kennels before Gran could lift her voice. At the kennels she called out to Boal and, even as he started toward her, she began turning the white dogs out of their cubicles.

"It's Hans," she said briefly. "He's down somewhere, up in the Ghost Mountains, near Black Lake. I'm going up for him. Help me tie the white team on the line."

"But you don't know the way to Black Lake," Boal protested.

"Get the team in harness," Claire ordered sharply. Then, as Boal's distress reached through her terror for Hans, she spoke more gently. "Jake Connolley is the only dog musher who does know the way, and Jake can't drive. I'm taking his team. They may remember."

"King would find the trail," Boal said.

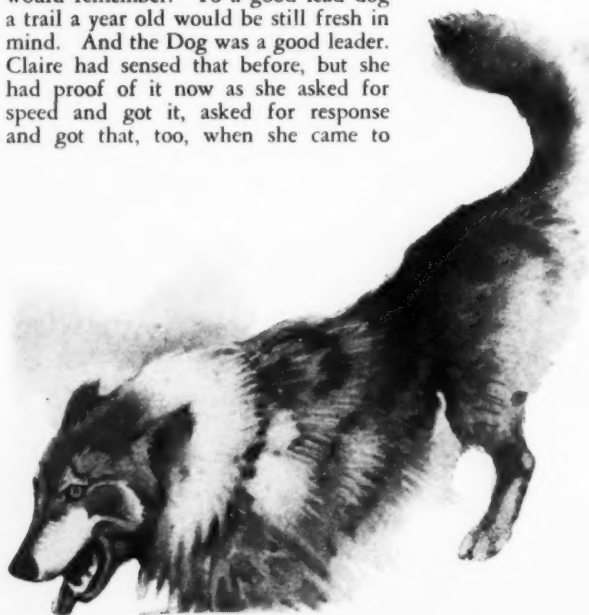
"So will the Dog."

"The Dog!" She saw Boal's hands start to shake.

"I'm taking the whip," she reminded him, but she had no words to quiet such terror as the Indian displayed, and she knew that if she would let it, the echo of that terror would ring in her own heart. "Put an extra harness in the sled," she said steadily. "I may need the Dog on the line."

For the first time in her memory she started a team from her kennels without hearing Boal's quiet voice, urging her on.

The night was clear. Claire blessed her luck for that. Clear and so cold that she could hear her breath crack—fifty below, or colder. She would find warmer air up above. Cold settled in layers in the valleys. It would be warmer up above where the trail petered out on the Ghost Divide. If, coming into Frozen Bend months earlier, Jake had come this way, there was every chance the Dog would remember. To a good lead dog a trail a year old would be still fresh in mind. And the Dog was a good leader. Claire had sensed that before, but she had proof of it now as she asked for speed and got it, asked for response and got that, too, when she came to



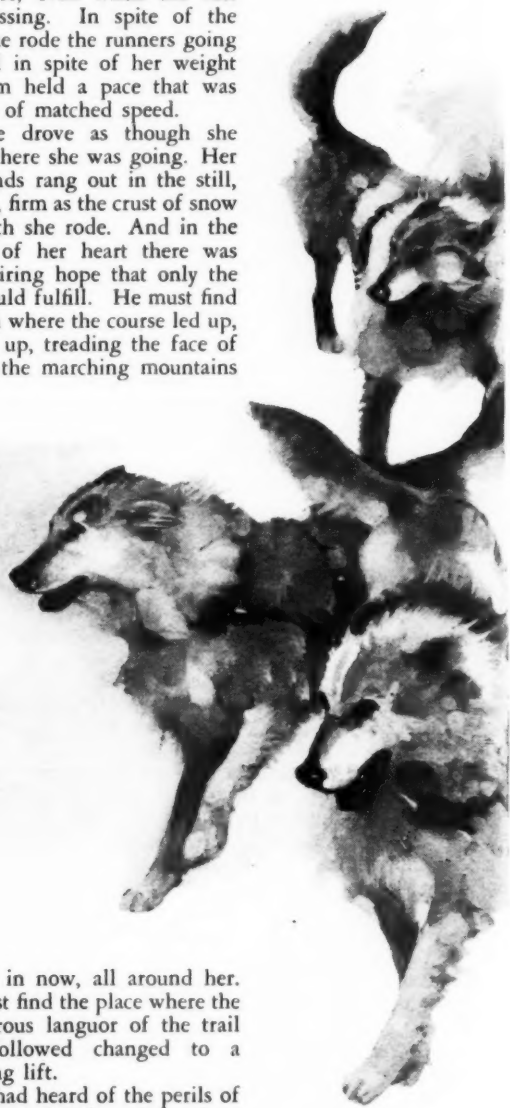
the little-used fork that angled away from Frozen Bend on a long, slow slope toward the Ghost Divide.

"Mush, white babies, mush!"

Up ahead the Dog's slim white body rippled with muscles of steel. He ran with his head hanging low, tail lowered, like an animal stalking its prey. It brought a shudder to the girl's spine, that outlaw figure up ahead, loose at the head of his team. Free to betray her.

"Hallelujah, mush!" she cried. Jake had taught her to put the sound of courage into her voice, even when the fact was missing. In spite of the slope she rode the runners going up, and in spite of her weight the team held a pace that was a poem of matched speed.

Claire drove as though she knew where she was going. Her commands rang out in the still, cold air, firm as the crust of snow on which she rode. And in the depths of her heart there was a despairing hope that only the Dog could fulfill. He must find the turn where the course led up, up and up, treading the face of one of the marching mountains



closing in now, all around her. He must find the place where the treacherous languor of the trail they followed changed to a gruelling lift.

She had heard of the perils of the Ghost Divide. Somewhere ahead lay a crevasse; beyond that a snow bridge. And then, abruptly, Black Lake, placid and wicked in its isolation.

Claire thought of the Flying Swede, helpless, alone, on the edge of that desolate expanse of black ice. If, coming

In this exciting conclusion to the serial, Claire, with the Dog in command, attempts the most dangerous trail of her career to rescue the Flying Swede

THE DOG STARTED DOWN OVER THE PERILOUS LIP OF THE WALL IN TANTALIZINGLY SLOW ZIGZAGS



Illustrated
by ORSON LOWELL

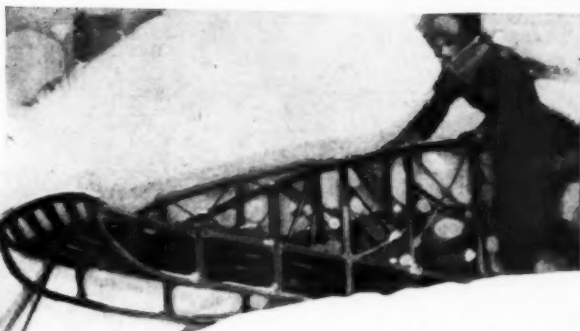
The Story So Far

In "Keeper of the Wolves" Claire Jameson, noted dog musher of Alaska, subdued and drove a team of "ghost dogs" which were terrifying the natives. They proved to be silver Siberian Malemutes, the team of Jake Connolley, believed to be dead. Six went to Claire's kennels, but the leader continued to run wild. In this sequel, the superstitious Indians believe "the Dog," as they call the leader, to be a "loup-garon," or werewolf, a creature half man, half wolf.

Claire, driving the Siberians, has to strike the Dog to keep him from enticing her team from the trail; she also encounters a scarecrow of a man (believed by the Indians to be the loup-garon in human form), who hails her team with Jake Connolley's command, "Hallelujah!"

Claire's brother, Doctor Pete, attends an Indian suffering from a dread disease, botulism, or sausage poisoning, which causes him to see double. Six cans of sausage having been stolen from her sled, Claire suspects the Indian of eating some of this, uncooked. When a second case of botulism breaks out, the doctor is on his rounds. In order to overtake him and bring him to the sick man, the girl drives the Siberians with the loup-garon as leader. At the camp she finds one of the sausage cans. She also sees the human scarecrow, recognizing him as Jake Connolley—alive, but mentally unbalanced. Jake drives away with the silver team, and Claire follows with her racing string. She finds Jake's tracks, and finally discovers him lying unconscious in the snow, but the white team has vanished. She gets him on the sled and starts home. The Dog overtakes her and pulls down her leader, King, almost killing him. Claire puts King on the sled, and forces the Dog to lead the team home.

While Claire and her grandmother are trying to restore Jake to consciousness, word comes over the radio from Claire's friend, the aviator, Hans Larsen. He is flying over the impassable Ghost Mountains, and something has happened to his eyes—he sees double. He is about to make a landing near frozen Black Lake. Claire determines to rescue him.



down, he had crashed—but she closed her mind to that thought. The Dog was turning left. A mountain lay before him; Claire could see no break in its white surface.

"Mind the trail! Mind the trail!" she rebuked him sharply. For answer the Dog gave speed. He lifted team and sled and driver over a mound three hundred feet high. If there had once been a trail here, zigzagged, made by human beings, Claire never knew. The Dog made the lift in one long slant. Beyond his straining body, Claire could see the upflung, reaching fingers of the Ghost range, serried peaks always white with snow. Behind, beyond the canyon up which the sloping trail had led, lay other peaks, white, encroaching. Above her shone the stars, and that was all she could see. Stars and white mountains and a team of dogs led by a make-believe!

The Dog gained the summit of the mound, circled the rim of a tiny crater, dipped without warning into the crater itself and was climbing again up the face beyond.

Claire thought he had gone crazy. No trail could be as pointless as this, lifting, swooping, gaining altitude, losing it, like a dizzy snake creeping over its own hooped length. And yet, as they left the crater, rested a moment on its rim, Claire, breathing hard, thought she could see a cut in the bleak mountain that faced her. The white leader made for that cut. Claire lost it and found it, lost it and found it with her eyes. It lay higher than she had thought.

The Dog moved on. She realized abruptly that he was ignoring the cut. He chose, instead, a ledge on a cliff, leaning out above the break in the mountain wall that had seemed to Claire the first logical, reasonable place for the trail to be. Then she looked down and saw what lay at the base of the slanting ledge the Dog had chosen, the fathomless blue of a wide crevasse. They hung above it on a ledge no wider than the runners of the sled; the girl was sure of that, a ledge that a man could seek for a hundred years and never find.

No wonder men died on the Ghost Divide. No wonder their sleds and their teams were never found! If they reached this place, they would try to cross above the crevasse. Above the crevasse lay ice, a slanting wall of it, leading down. Only one ledge led across. And that ledge was too narrow.

Too narrow!

Claire heard herself scream as the sled lurched up. The Dog was climbing! But he couldn't. Not here! Ice lay above, too. He was crazy at last, leaving the scant safety of a narrow ledge for an unyielding ice face that would fling him back, back to the ledge and beyond, into the maw of the cut.

"Mind the trail! Mind the trail!"

But she knew the command was insane. There was no trail. There was only a team and a sled and a girl, searching for it.

The Dog knew it, too. Claire saw panic come close to him as he dug in his claws, scraping, scrambling, silver body taut with terror. Behind him his team gave blind obedience. Claire clung to the handlebars, felt her feet

go numb on the runners and her heart go numb in her body. No human being could stand the ceaseless agony of visible horror. No human was made, save Jake Connolley, who could defy all the laws of gravity.

Jake Connolley! The name rang in her mind like the toll of a bell. Jake had made this run. He had faced this terror. He had crossed the Divide.

"When you can't go on," Jake had told her, "let your nerve do the work of your mind. Hang on! So long as your team can move ahead, you're all right."

The Dog was moving ahead. By some miracle of memory he had recalled where snow pockets, no wider than his slender paws, were waiting to give him footing. So long as the footing held, his team and the sled would follow.

"Hang on!" Jake had said. Claire hung. And the Dog led his team over the face of the ice and brought her out on a snow bridge that looked to Claire like the kindly hand of a mountain giant spread out to receive her! The snow bridge, she learned later, was five feet across. It looked like a hundred to her. And so did the rim of Black Lake, a crater wall, sheer and narrow. Jake would have told her, if he had been there, that this was the Divide's final test.

But Jake wasn't there. Claire, knowing the crater's edge was scarcely wide enough to give her sled passage, blessed it for giving her two inches leeway. She must circle the lake on the crater wall to gain the east end where Hans must have come down.

The wall was endless. It seemed to the girl, when an hour had passed, that it was stretching like rubber, preventing her from making time, while below somewhere Hans lay sick and waiting.

Time! She had forgotten time altogether, but it was an element in the disease that had overcome Hans. Pete had told her that. What was the limit, the margin for possible treatment? Thirty-six hours from the time of infection? When had Hans eaten the stuff? Sometime yesterday.

Surely the Dog had missed the drop. He was going on, past it. Here, at last, he had forgotten.

But he hadn't. At the point where Claire's impatience was building up to a fury that she could feel like white ice in her veins—the Dog started down. Over the lip. And here, where she wanted speed, he took zigzags! If King had been in the lead, she would have known he was right. With the Dog she was sure he was perverse, until, looking ahead, she saw the plane no more than a hundred yards below her. It was tipped on its nose like a foolish dragon fly.

"Hans!" There was no response. Claire called again, but there was no answer. There was no coma with this disease—she knew that. But she knew, too, that as it advanced it crippled a man's voice, made him speechless. As it advanced!

If it had gone that far, Hans was doomed. Between him and Pete lay at least six hours of trailing on the Ghost Divide. And that at the Dog's best speed—which he couldn't give her now, not after the strain of the upward climb.

"Whoa!" She left the runners before the sled had stopped, ran to the plane and jerked open the cabin door. Hans was there, fallen forward on his face in helpless submission to the tipsy angle of his downed plane.

Claire reached in and touched him. He moved.

"Hans," she spoke gently, "can you walk? Can you get on the sled? We've got to make time."

She saw the effort it cost him to lift his head. He turned his eyes toward her, but they would not focus. His head swayed a little from side to side.

"Hans!" Claire's voice was sharp with terror. "You must try, for Gran's sake, for Pete's! Try to stand up. You must walk to the sled. I can't carry you."

In the end she brought the sled as close to the plane as she could. Hans toppled from the cabin to lie, gasping, on the sled. Claire, spreading a fur robe over him, thought fleetingly how huge he was. She had to move boxes she had forgotten were there.

Boxes! In one of those boxes was serum. This was Pete's sled, and she remembered what he had called to her from the Indian hut at Salmon Hole.

"Bring that smaller package of serum. It's tucked down between the larger package of the same stuff and a box of spare bandage."

Claire's hands shook as she pulled the box out. There were instruments in the sled; in that country a doctor had to take spares of everything with him, on his sled. But could she make the injection? She had seen Pete do it. She had seen countless hypodermics given at the hospital in Toke. But this serum must be given intravenously, and that meant care. One drop of air entering the blood stream through the needle, and Hans would be worse

off than he was now. She looked again at his pain-drawn face, picked up the box and a case of Pete's needles. She climbed into the cabin of the plane. It was still warm in there. Knowing the chances she ran she filled the needle. A moment later she plunged it home into Hans's arm.

She didn't know what response to expect, and she didn't waste time waiting to see. Instead, she turned and looked across Black Lake. Then she looked at the Dog, lying, muzzle down on his extended forepaws, pale, narrow eyes on hers.

"Boy," she said, and looked at the lake again. Her voice trembled. "If you'll do this one last thing for me, I'll know why Jake Connolley loves you."

The Dog lay still. Behind him his team, recumbent in harness, took what rest they could.

Strawberry Hill

BY FRANCES FROST

Let's go climb the strawberry hill
Where the grass smells hot, and never still
The whitethroat whistles his six notes over
A wind of sheep laurel mixed with clover.

Pull off your blouse and let the sun
Burn to your heart! Oh, gay and brown,
The wren in the thick-leaved thicket tangles
Her music with maple and blackberry brambles,

And grasshoppers fly in a gray-green spurt
From beneath our feet, and crickets flirt
With a dream of autumn. Covered with scratches,
Get down on your knees in the strawberry patches!

Here are the small bright buds of red,
Sun-warmed and sweet. Bend down your head
And pluck and eat, lift leaves and rummage,
Be greedy for earth, to earth do homage

For strawberries grown in the sloping sand,
Waiting your throat, waiting your hand,
Ripened, half-ripened, wild and sunny,
Not to be bought for love nor money.



PETE AND HANK AND NAMAK AND GRAN STOOD SPELLBOUND AS CLAIRE, WITH THE DOG, WALKED TOWARD JAKE'S ROOM

Claire reached into the sled for the harness. The lake was less than a mile across, she judged. The way they had come, halfway around its craterlike rim, had been ten miles, or more. A good two hours. If the Dog could do here what he had done earlier, above the crevasse, make a trail for himself out of puffs of white snow, wind-drifted across the black bosom of the lake, Hans might yet be saved. But she could not help him. This was Pete's sled. Her crampons were riding on the sled Pete drove, wherever that was. And without crampons to tie across the soles of her feet she could get no purchase on the ice to help pull the team across. The Dog must do it without her.

But would the Dog run in harness? Claire needed his strength on the line. With him giving his best—and she began to suspect now that he never gave less—he could neck his team if he must, to will them across that black and evil eye that looked back at the girl, unwinking.

Since the time she had taken him by the ruff, after his fight with King, Claire had never touched the Dog. He had been half-choked then, almost helpless. If he turned on her now, resisting her fingers, she would be at his mercy. She faced that chance and took it, for Hans.

"Stand up, boy," she said. The Dog obeyed. "Now, hold still!"

She felt him tremble as the harness went on, but she was trembling, too. Even when he was tied to the line and she was behind her sled again, reaching for the handlebars, she was shaking with excitement and misgiving. If the Dog failed her here, she had already wasted precious moments.

"Line 'em in, boy!" she called. "Pull ahead. *Mush!*"

The sled started to move. The Dog gave it a running start from the foothold he had on the snowbank before he touched the ice. As momentum carried him out, scraping, scrabbling for a hold on the lake's dark, opaque surface, Claire saw him go down, once, twice. She saw him claw himself to his feet again in time to keep the sled moving. If it stopped on this, if its slight momentum ceased, they might stay here till they starved, unable to retrace their steps, unable to go on.

"Mush, boy! Keep us moving!" It was less a command than a prayer. On the sled Hans lay still, white face contorted with pain, harsh breathing audible even above the clawing, scratching noises made by the feet of seven dogs, fighting for their lives and his.

"You've got more courage than is good for you," Jake used to say of Claire.

MORE courage than sense," was the way Gran put it. And as the Dog went down again, struggling, Claire knew in her heart that Gran was right. This wasn't sensible, it wasn't even sane, to force a team of dogs out on a polished surface not meant to be used as a trail.

But there were drifts of snow clinging here and there like wisps of cotton about to be blown away. The Dog's straining claws reached for those wisps and when he had touched them they were gone, but the purchase he got kept the team behind him moving, and behind them the sled.

Claire lost track of time. Her body inside her parka was wet with the sweat of cold terror. She dared not look back. She dared not look ahead. She kept her eyes on the ripple of fur dragging itself across the black mirror that was all around her, on the Dog that belonged to Jake Connolley and wasn't a dog at all! She saw that ripple flow more and more slowly as though the impulse that had started it had died too soon.

She lifted her eyes—and couldn't believe that they were no more than a hundred feet from the further shore. A hundred feet!

(Continued on page 46)

THE OLD GRAY HEN *of*

IN THE early days when Maine was still known as the back country, colonists from Massachusetts started bringing their families, their cows and horses, their oxen and hens, into that eastern wilderness, pushing the frontier farther and farther northward by building in the clearings which they made. In such a Maine clearing there once stood, a little way from the settler's cabin, a log barn where the Old Gray Hen lived. She shared the barn with two other hens, a rooster, a horse, a cow, and a pair of oxen.

She was called the *old* Gray Hen, because she really was a little older than the other two; and she was called *gray* be-

cause she appeared gray when one looked at her from a distance. If she came near, though, you saw that she was really speckled, black and white. She had a second name, too, for sometimes the settlers spoke of her as the "Dominic." That was because she had come from the Island of Dominique in the West Indies. A New England sea captain had brought her north in his ship. Many of the New England hens came from that place.

Now one spring the Old Gray Hen had a great ambition. She wanted to raise a family of soft, fluffy chickens. It was a good ambition, and it seemed there should have been no difficulty at all in accomplishing what she wished.

She made a nest in some straw she found under the log barn, and every day she laid a brown egg in that yellow nest. Finally she decided there were enough eggs to make a good-sized family, and so she settled down on them comfortably, spreading her wings wide, fluffing her breast feathers, and uttering a little cluck of contentment.

But alas, she had no more than closed one eye, when she opened it again with a start. For the settler's lad came crawling under the barn. He was searching for a bean bag he had lost as he threw it toward his sister. He found the bag, and he found also the hen on the nest of eggs in the straw. He lifted her off the nest and whooped loudly as he counted the eggs.

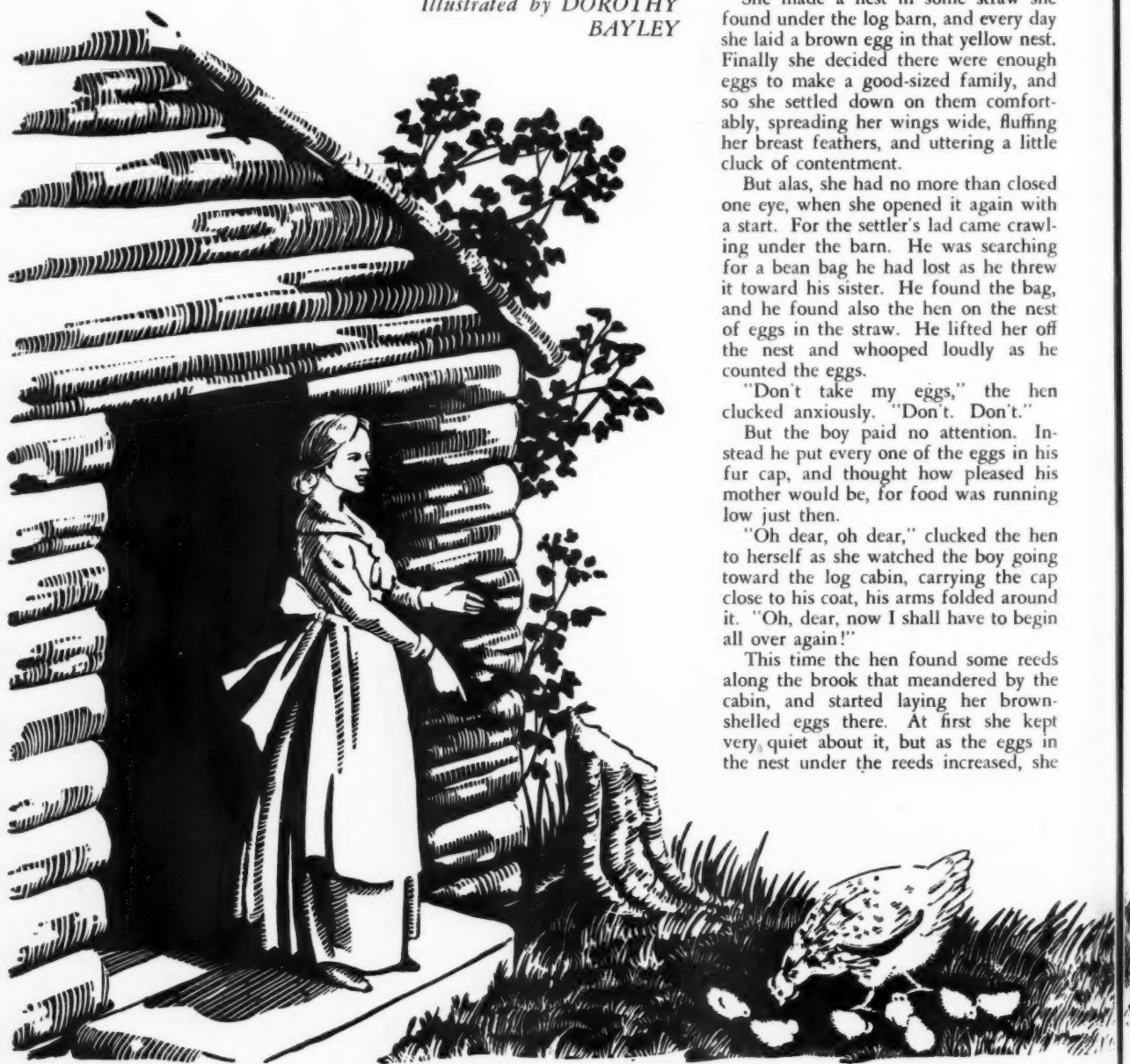
"Don't take my eggs," the hen clucked anxiously. "Don't. Don't."

But the boy paid no attention. Instead he put every one of the eggs in his fur cap, and thought how pleased his mother would be, for food was running low just then.

"Oh dear, oh dear," clucked the hen to herself as she watched the boy going toward the log cabin, carrying the cap close to his coat, his arms folded around it. "Oh, dear, now I shall have to begin all over again!"

This time the hen found some reeds along the brook that meandered by the cabin, and started laying her brown-shelled eggs there. At first she kept very quiet about it, but as the eggs in the nest under the reeds increased, she

Illustrated by DOROTHY
BAYLEY



MAINE

A hen was a prized possession to a colonist in early Maine days—particularly a setting hen with boastful ambitions

By CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

began strutting about, telling the rooster and the other two hens what she was planning to do.

"Cut-cut-ca-dark-ut," she would boast. "Cut-cut-ca-dark-ut. I'm going to raise a family. I'm going to raise a family. Cut-cut-ca-dark-ut."

When the boy's sister heard the hen, she knew that the Dominic had stolen her nest again. So every morning the sister sat on the stone that served the log cabin as a door step and watched to see where the Dominic went to find her nest.

For two days the Old Gray Hen managed to fool her. She would be scratching busily in the driest, sunniest places in front of the cabin, moving aimlessly about, and suddenly—when the little girl's head was turned—she would slip away to the reeds by the brook. Then, after a bit, the little girl would hear her boasting again, "Cut-cut-ca-dark-ut!"

But the third day when the settler's daughter turned her head, she slid her eyes clear to the corners and saw the Old Gray Hen making straight for the brook. And this time the little girl was waiting when the Dominic left the nest in the reeds.

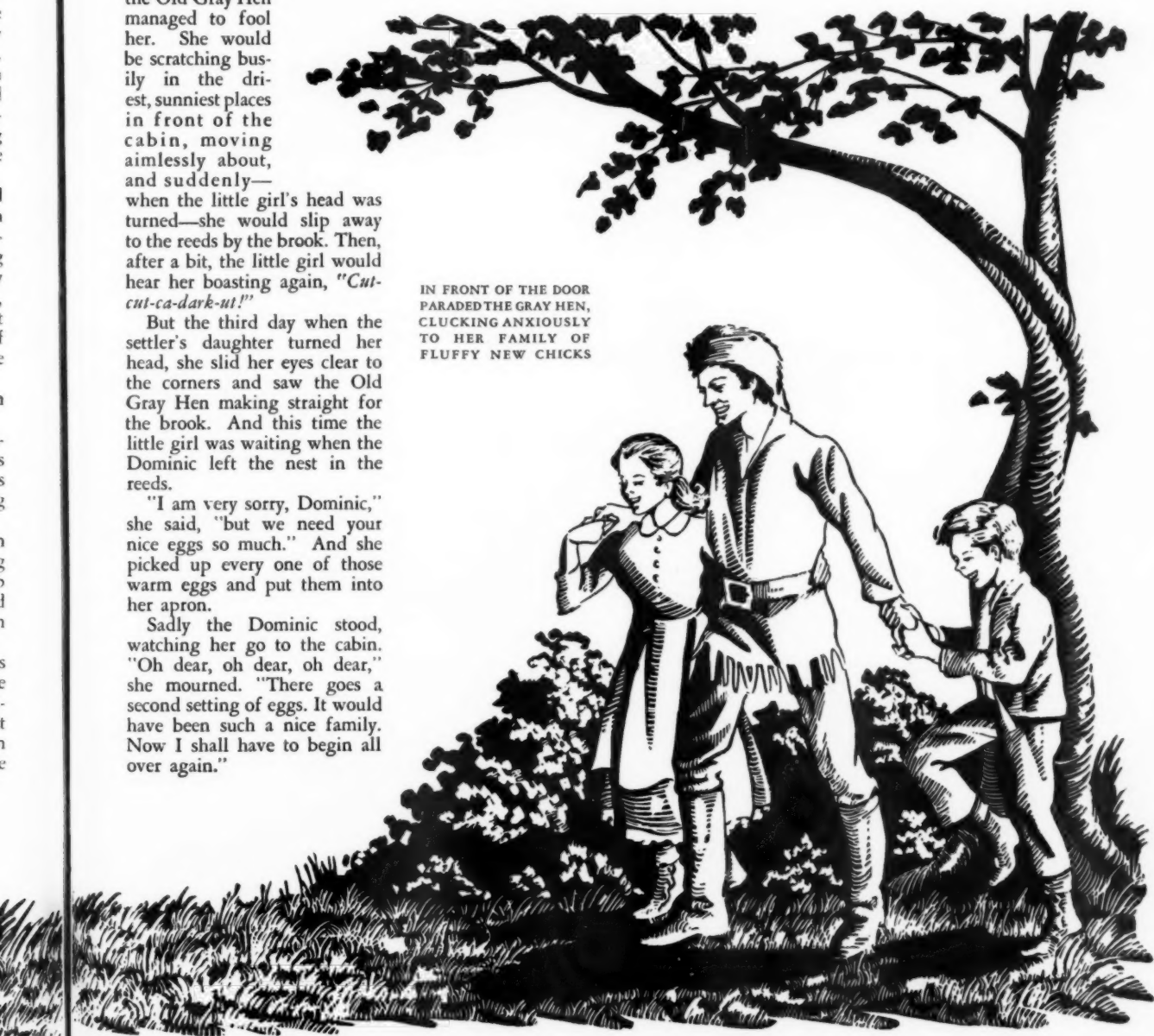
"I am very sorry, Dominic," she said, "but we need your nice eggs so much." And she picked up every one of those warm eggs and put them into her apron.

Sadly the Dominic stood, watching her go to the cabin. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear," she mourned. "There goes a second setting of eggs. It would have been such a nice family. Now I shall have to begin all over again."

This time the hen decided to go farther away. So she sought out an old stump in the field the settler had partly cleared. But every time she laid an egg in the stump it disappeared. The shells would be found broken and scattered about. Either a weasel or a fox must have taken them. It was very, very difficult indeed to raise a family. Sometimes the Old Gray Hen stopped scratching in the dust and scratched her head, she was so worried.

When she had done this many, (Continued on page 49)

IN FRONT OF THE DOOR
PARADED THE GRAY HEN,
CLUCKING ANXIOUSLY
TO HER FAMILY OF
FLUFFY NEW CHICKS



•

WHETHER THEY SING ROUNDS
OR BLEND THEIR VOICES IN
CLOSE HARMONY, THESE BAL-
TIMORE, MARYLAND, SCOUTS
DELIGHTEDLY FOLLOW THE
LEAD OF THEIR CAPTAIN

•

BELOW: PAN HIMSELF MIGHT
ENVY THE TUNES THIS GIRL
SCOUT CAN PIPE ON THE IN-
STRUMENT SHE MADE HERSELF



*Photograph
by Ruth Nichols*

BELOW: NO WONDER CAMP HAR-
RIET MORROW AT MADDEN DAM,
CANAL ZONE, HAD A MERRY TIME
WITH THIS WELL SYNCHRONIZED
ORCHESTRA ORGANIZED BY THE
CAMPER'S FOR DANCING AND FUN



AT RIGHT: "SEE HOW THEY RUN! SEE HOW THEY RUN!" THREE GIRL SCOUTS AT
CAMP HAVE FUN MAKING UP HARMONIOUS VARIATIONS OF "THREE BLIND MICE"



A QUARTET OF GIRL SCOUTS OF
FAIRFIELD, CALIFORNIA, JOIN
IN A SONG FROM "SING TOGETH-
ER," A GIRL SCOUT SONG BOOK,
SEATED BEFORE THE FIREPLACE
IN THEIR OWN LITTLE HOUSE

•

CENTER: THE SWEET, SHRILL
MUSIC OF THE PIPES AWAKES
ANSWERING TRILLS AND AIRY
ARPEGGIOS FROM THE FOREST
BIRDS AS THESE GIRLS PLAY

•

FAR RIGHT:
EDITH MAC
PLAYS THE
WAYS GREAT

IN A SHAD
GYPSY UNIT
HILLS, NEAR
IOWA, SING
FOLK SONGS
COMPANIM

MUSIC HATH CHARMS



"PIPER, PIPE THAT SONG AGAIN!"
A GIRL SCOUT OF MINNEAPOLIS,
MINNESOTA, MAKES WOODLAND MUSIC



L. SCOUTS AND
BLIND MICE

Photograph by Paul Parker

Music Week is not celebrated just one week in the year by Girl Scouts—but whenever Girl Scouts get together. Then what merry times they have singing rounds, old songs, or organizing impromptu orchestras!



FAR RIGHT CAMP
EDITH MACDONALD WHO
PLAYS THE VIOLIN IS ALWAYS GREAT DEMAND

IN A SHAWNEE THE
GYPSY UNIT OF THE
HILLS, NEAR CITY,
IOWA, SINGING OLD
FOLK SONGS AND
ACCOMPANIED BY VIOLIN





CAMP CLOUD RIM



High in the Wasatch Mountains of Utah, circled by a rim of clouds, lies the camp in which Girl Scouts will hold a national encampment in August this year

By **ELIN LINDBERG**

Camp Advisory Staff, Girl Scouts, Inc.

IMAGINE the delight of a group of Girl Scout campers when, on a summer's day, they came over the mountains on horseback to look down on their new camp site—their dream come true! These girls were from Salt Lake City, Utah. To have a camp of their own had been a dream for a number of years—a dream that on several occasions had come tantalizingly near being realized. Last summer they actually camped in their dream-come-true camp whose site had been the gift of a mining company to the Salt Lake City Council.

The camp is situated high in the Wasatch mountain range, on the shores of one of the Ontario lakes, nine thousand and three hundred feet above sea level. If you are familiar with that part of the country, you will agree that it is unexcelled in grandeur and unbelievably beautiful, no matter what season of the year. If you do not know it, try to visualize the beauty of that great, mountainous section with its romantic and historic background. One looks up to Mount Majestic which towers more than ten thousand feet above sea level, and to other mountain peaks, or out across great valleys to distant ranges. We might well feel humble in the presence of such magnificent scenery. Thoughts come to us of adventures of the early pioneers when Indians roamed these mountains. What an ideal place for a camp!

In the autumn of 1936, the building of the camp began and progressed until Winter laid his heavy blanket of snow over the mountains and the partly finished camp lodge. During the snowy silence of the long winter months,



TOP: A PANORAMA VIEW WHICH SHOWS WHY THE NAME IS APPROPRIATE. ABOVE: TWO VIEWS OF THE LODGE. LEFT: A LOVELY SCENE FROM THE "BLESSING-OF-THE-HOUSE" CEREMONY

the buildings waited for the workmen's finishing touches. A few leaders reached the camp site during the winter, either on skis or by persistent climbing. They stood looking over the mountain peaks in awe at the grandeur of the scenery—for surely winter magic has a master's touch. There were delightful anticipations, too, of summer days when they would actually have the fun of camping there with the Girl Scouts for, under the heavy blanket of snow, they knew were seeds and little plants that would eventually cover the mountainside with gorgeous bloom. Far below, whitely covered and snugly hidden among aspens, firs, and spruces, was a gem of a lake. They looked forward to swims in the crystal clear water, to seeing the moon come over the mountain tops, and to glorious sunrises and sunsets.

Spring's awakening brought the builders

back and before long the lodge was finished, with its beautiful timber rafters and many supporting logs, huge fireplaces at either end of the large room, tables and benches arranged so that everyone could get a view of the lake.

This attractive rustic lodge, nestled into the mountainside, awaited its host of campers. When they did arrive, they had the thrill of being the first occupants of a new camp.

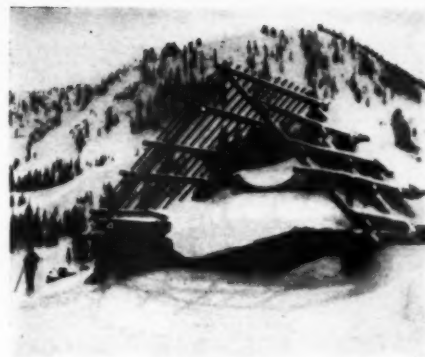
The camp had no name. That was for the campers to decide. As they cast about for a suitable one, it named itself appropriately "Cloud Rim." And so, with an impressive ceremony, Camp Cloud Rim was dedicated.

Camp Cloud Rim is now the place where Salt Lake City Girl Scouts taste their camping joys. Many of its activities are the same as those enjoyed in most of our Girl Scout camps—woodcraft, outdoor cooking, swimming, paddling, hiking, walks, and all of the rest. Here, too, are special camping adventures not so easily found elsewhere for, with mountains to climb, horses to ride, interesting mines to visit, the day is never long enough. Salt Lake City girls count it a privilege to

camp here where they can look out across range after range, where they can make friends with small furry creatures, chipmunks and ground squirrels, and can have the thrill of seeing unusual birds they could not see at home. Overnight trips on foot, or on horseback, take these campers to new scenes along new trails. Signaling takes on new fun when a message is sent from the top of a mountain and when that message can be seen only with field glasses. Young geologists delight in investigating rock formations and collecting minerals found on the camp site, and in visits to nearby mines in operation. Campers live in units, hidden in lovely spots of their own.

With such interesting activities the first season was a tremendous success, but each camping season must end, and all too soon. That last day! How the Cloud Rim campers wanted to postpone it. Reluctantly they left, carrying with them happy memories, knowing that during the winter months Camp Cloud Rim would stand staunch among the great mountains awaiting the summer's sunshine and new campers.

This coming summer Girl Scouts from other parts of the country will have an opportunity to camp at Cloud



A GIRL SCOUT LEADER ON SKIS, IMPATIENT TO HAVE THE DREAM OF CAMP COME TRUE, INSPECTED THE SITE WHEN WINTER STILL COVERED THE GROUND WITH SNOW AND DELAYED COMPLETION OF THE CAMP LODGE



more of each others' sections of the country.

The national organization has rented Camp Cloud Rim from August tenth to August thirty-first for the second encampment, which will last for three weeks and at which there will be one girl from every State and territory. To be eligible for this encampment, girls must have proved ability in primitive camping, have earned the Pioneer badge, or must have equivalent knowledge and practice, must be resourceful and dependable, and, of course, must excel in physical fitness. Many of these girls will travel together to the camp. As they journey they will see as much as possible of the country. A few girls who attended the



HORSEBACK RIDING IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR ACTIVITIES AT CAMP CLOUD RIM



Rim. The second national encampment, arranged for seventeen and eighteen-year-old Girl Scouts, will be held in this glorious place. The first national encampment took place last summer at Camp Andree, Pleasantville, New York, the National Girl Scout Camp, as a part of the Silver Jubilee. There the American girls acted as hostesses to foreign guests—Girl Guides and Girl Scouts from twenty-six nations. The American girls enjoyed meeting the foreign girls and learning about customs in other countries; they also enjoyed getting acquainted with Girl Scouts from the different parts of the United States. This year's encampment is planned especially to bring together another such group of American girls for the purpose of getting acquainted with each other and of learning

Silver Jubilee Camp in 1937 at Pleasantville, New York, will be at Camp Cloud Rim, to help carry over the spirit of the first international and national encampment to the second national encampment.

A specially selected staff will be on hand to help these girls plan their own program. Pack, walking, and camping trips, discussions, and friendly social activities will mark the three weeks. Not only will this encampment offer an adventurous and unusual camping experience, but it will give the campers an opportunity to get to know Girl Scouts from other regions of the country. For the girls who have never before been in this mountainous part of the United States, living in Camp Cloud Rim will alone be a great experience. The girls are already looking forward to the time when they will meet for discussions and exchange of ideas, and to the opportunities they will have to make contributions to the camp program that are characteristic of the parts of the country from which they come. May Camp Cloud Rim fulfill their highest expectations!

THE SALT LAKE CITY SCOUTS IN THE LARGE PICTURE ABOVE ARE EXPERIENCING THE THRILL OF DISCOVERY AS THEY LOOK DOWN ON THE SITE OF THEIR CAMP

TOP: THE FOREST-BORDERED LAKE FROM ONE CORNER OF THE LEDGE. RIGHT: CLOSE-UP OF THE SWIMMING PLACE PARTLY SHOWN ABOVE



An out-of-doors expert gives complete directions about HIKING EQUIPMENT for PATROLS to MAKE by

CATHERINE T. HAMMETT

Camp Advisory Staff, Girl Scouts, Inc.

Illustrated by

MARGARET P. ROSE



YOUR high school baseball team goes into action in a special kind of clothes and uses a special kind of ball. When you play tennis you don't use a badminton racquet or a rubber ball, but here again the clothes and equipment that go with the sport get you off to a fine start. The same is true of any game you play—and to many people hiking and camping are real games. Does equipment matter here? The top-notchers in this hobby would say so! Have you ever watched your big brother, or your uncle, get ready to go on a camping trip? Chances are that he does a good bit of planning, tinkering, and packing, to have just the right things to take with him.

Even though your allowance may not make it possible for you to indulge in the glories pictured by the sporting goods catalogs, you can still begin to build up your hiking and camping equipment. Make it yourself! And keep it growing. It is much more fun to add to your belongings gradually than to have everything all at once, even if you could.

Let us consider equipment that goes especially with those spring hikes you will be taking soon with your troop. First, we suggest a good, bright, red-and-white or blue-and-white bandana handkerchief. Hiking equipment? Why not—even the best hobo uses one! It is good because it is made of heavy cotton, won't stretch, and will launder nicely.



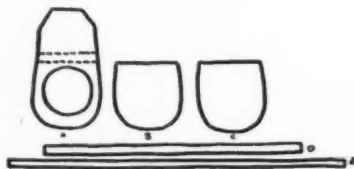
Here are some of its uses: to start off, wrap your lunch in it, tie the four corners firmly together, hitch it to your belt, and there you are! Your hands are free to skip stones over the water, to collect acorns or bits of rock, to catch hold of trees as you pull yourself up the hill. A good hiker likes to have his hands free. At the lunching place, the bandana's a cloth to keep the dirt out of your food, and a napkin afterwards, helped out by the nearby brook. If you are a geologist, or the kind of girl who likes to collect odd bits of everything, the good old bandana is ready to carry your treasures. Tie it to your belt again, and off you go!

If your patrol is cooking out-of-doors, the bandana may turn into a handy pot holder; if your lunching place is a dusty one, it may be a "sit-upon." But you can go on thinking of uses—there must be nearly fifty-seven varieties! (You might write *THE AMERICAN*

GIRL about the way *you* use a bandana on a hike.)

There will come a day when you'll wish for something a little more elaborate for a lunch kit, or perhaps you'd rather be wearing your bandana in cowboy fashion as a scarf, or in peasant fashion, tied under the chin. Then will come the need to make a real hike kit. You will have to do some planning. First find yourself a good cup and a plate of unbreakable enamelware, or beetleware—tin and aluminum are not as good for very hot things. Then find a spoon, fork, and knife (perhaps your jackknife) that you can have for your own. Your ten-cent store will have these, but probably your mother has some that she will let you have for your hike kit. You may want to invest in a small frying pan. The trick is to plan a kit that fills all the needs, and then to make your own design. You will have to decide whether you want it to go on your belt, or around your shoulder. There are a number of materials that you may use—oil-cloth, airplane cloth, brown or blue denim, or lightweight canvas. Be sure the material is firm and strong; perhaps you will want to waterproof it with a waterproofing liquid you can buy at a paint store.

You will need to plan around your biggest object, the plate or frying pan, and decide what shape the kit will be. Here is one way to show you how to go about your planning:



Cut patterns from paper first, and pin together, to be sure you have the right proportions. Then cut the material from these patterns.

A—the back is a piece one inch bigger around than your plate, with an additional piece for a flap.

B, C—two pieces alike, the size of **A**, without the flap.

D—a strip that will go around the edge of **B** or **C**, as wide as you want your kit to be (wide enough for your cup and lunch.)

E—a strip 4 to 6 inches wide, long enough to go over one shoulder to side of kit on the opposite hip. (You probably will need to



WHAT IS MORE GLORIOUS FUN THAN A DAY SPENT IN THE OPEN, EXPLORING TRAILS, EACH HIKER HERSELF CARRYING ALL THE EQUIPMENT SHE INDIVIDUALLY WILL NEED?

piece this.) (Allow for $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch seams on all pieces.) If the material is not very heavy, or has a right and wrong side, you may want to cut and use these pieces double, for strength or looks.

If you want to be really fancy, you will want pockets in piece **B** for your knife, spoon, and fork. Better put these in first, by putting on a patch with stitches down the middle. Make each pocket a width that will fit the utensil you will place there.



Fold a hem across the top of **B** and stitch.

Turn the edges of **A** and **B** in and put together, so that **B** makes a pocket on **A**. Baste in place.

Turn edges of strip **D** and baste in place over the stitching you have already made. Then, with a very strong cotton thread, string, or cord, stitch with an

over-and-over stitch. Take small, even stitches so the effect will be like the stitching on a handmade leather purse. (Of course you may use other similar stitches that you may have learned in leather crafts.) Be sure to catch all three thicknesses here.

Turn in the edges, on piece **C**, and stitch to the other edge of Strip **D**.

Continue the stitching around the flap. Fold over the flap to mark the place where it will be fastened in front, and put a snap, or a button, here. (A leather crown knot would be just the thing.)

Double the strip **E**, turn in the edges, and stitch all around. Attach to sides of kit by buttons and buttonholes, or stitch permanently there. If you prefer to wear this on your belt, omit strip **E** and make buttonholes in the back (piece **A**) before stitching kit together, as shown in the cut below.



HAPPY LANDINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Lee. About eight thirty Father came in, and I was really touched when he handed me a big bunch of lilacs which Patricia and Tommy had picked in the garden. They had wrapped them in cellophane, and Pat had tied them together with one of her hair ribbons, in a large impressive bow.

"Aunt Susan sent this," he said, and handed me a bundle wrapped in brown paper. It turned out to be my best negligee; the good old soul had washed it and ironed it and put a new pink ribbon on it. She had also sent back my bath powder with a note that said, "To Miss Lucy Ellen. Here is your powder back, honey. I have not used a dust of it."

Then the two very starched nurses from the surgery came in, and I have never felt so like a mummy as when they put me into that high-necked, long-sleeved operating gown, and drew long, white, hip-length leggings over my feet and legs. One thing I know, the Venus de Milo would never have got a reputation for beauty if she had had to wear that garb.

The nurses told Mother and Father to wait in the reception room and make themselves at home. Mother bent down and kissed me and said gayly, "Won't it be nice to be rid of that troublesome little appendix, darling? It will never spoil your plans again." Father only blew his nose and went out, without trying to say anything to me.

I really felt that all was lost as I was being wheeled down the corridor to the operating room. But at the door Doctor Trimble was waiting, and that cheered me, even though he looked very spooky in an operating gown and skull cap. The head surgeon also looked like a member of the Ku Klux Klan. There were little tables around, covered with innocent looking white cloth, but I guessed what was under the cloth and I wanted to shout, "Let me go home!" Instead, I lay still, in a ladylike manner, and let Doctor Trimble put an ether cone over my nose. In a droning voice he said, "Now, little lady, breathe deeply. Take a nice little nap. That's it, breathe deeply. Can you count sixty for me? You learned to count on peppermint drops, in my pocket, remember that?" Pretty soon I felt a tingling sensation, then a delicious floating sensation, up, up, into the clouds, and that's the last I remember.

When I waked up, I was on my high, narrow bed again. Mother and Father were there, smiling and saying soothing things, and I saw some red roses in a vase by the window. I remembered I had said to Ken that they were my favorite flowers. I felt sure they were from him, so I went contentedly to sleep.

It was late afternoon when I waked again. The sun was shining into the west window of my little room. Mother was there. She said, "Well, how are you feeling, darling?"

"Pretty well," I answered. "Mother, who sent me red roses?"

"Here is the card," said Mother. "I saved it for you." She handed me a florist's envelope and I fished out the card. It said, "Happy landings! Ken." I was so thrilled. Even his handwriting had a dashing air.

"Mother, did you ask Doctor Trimble if I'd be well enough to go to the airport opening Saturday?" I asked. (Continued on page 33)

Our Bicycle Trip WAS TWICE AS MUCH FUN

"EVEN IN STRANGE TOWNS
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NAIL a Westfield owner helped
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"BELIEVE ME, cy-
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A Sweat Shirt by all means. A sport model of green tweed, with roll collar and zipper neck opening, or a hooded style in snowy white cotton. Both are fleece lined, and both proven vacation favorites.

8-255 Hooded model. Sizes 34, 36, and 40.....\$1.75

8-256 Tweed model. Sizes 10-44.....1.50

It's Shorts and Shirts every time and everywhere—at beach or mountain resort, on land or sea. White twill shorts with snappy green braid and button trim are worn with a green and white striped Basque shirt for an inexpensive play suit.

8-258 Cotton Basque shirt. Sizes small, medium, large.....\$.55

8-155 White twill shorts. Sizes 8-20......60

A very special Play Suit is designed for Brownie members, and little sisters of Brownie age. The boyish blouse is of tan broadcloth, and tailored shorts of deep brown gabardine with tan trim. There is a buttoned opening on the left, and a generous pocket on the right side. Sizes 6-12.

4-921 Shirt and shorts.....\$1.75

4-922 Shirt, only......95

4-923 Shorts, only......85



Designed for Comfort

When days are chilly, underbrush thick and thorny, or a heavy day's work must be done, overalls "do their stuff." The sturdy Thrift material is just right in weight, color and quality. And our special design includes a molded bib top—crossing in the back for a snug fit, shaped halter neck, and three generous patch pockets. Sizes 10-40.

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For a dash of color, as well as for practical purposes, add a Sport Scarf—with a clever map of the United States done from a "Scout's-eye" view. Washable acetate, 19" square, in red, blue, green or yellow.

11-679 Each.....\$.50

Custom styled shorts are made of solid green gabartex, and guaranteed to make a hit. Heavy white braid and white buttons add a snappy touch, and the tailored cut assures comfort as well as good looks. Sizes 10-40. 8-111.....\$1.95

Top the shorts with a short-sleeved, boat-necked Basque shirt for "the" play suit of the season. The fine combed yarn in white and green is color fast, and a joy to launder. Sizes 8-40. 8-257.....\$.75

Swing Jackets with a collegiate cut come in two materials. The narrow wale corduroy in a deep forest green adds chic to any sport ensemble. For rough and ready work, or with the overalls, the one of Thrift material is suggested. Both are made with three patch pockets and boxed lines, with buttons up to the straight sport collar.

8-130 Thrift material, sizes 10-40.....\$1.50

8-131 Corduroy, sizes 10-20..... 3.95



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1538 gives you a frock that's different with its front lacing on the corselet girdle. Skirt is wide and flared, sleeves are short. Sizes are 12 to 20

1543 is for every girl who wants a pair of tailored two-piece pajamas. Make these in cotton or light silk for hot summer nights. Sizes are 8 to 20

Fifteen cents each

These Hollywood Patterns especially selected for readers of this magazine, can be purchased through THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to state size when ordering.

HAPPY LANDINGS

Mother smiled, the way she does when she doesn't intend to argue with us. "No, I didn't," she said. "You ask him when he comes in."

Next morning he came in to see me, and before he could take my temperature I clutched him by the sleeve. "Tell me this," I said, "will I be well enough to go to the airport Saturday, and ride in a plane?"

"With whom, please?" said the doctor, looking stern. He turned to Mother and said, "I tell you, madam, the other boys don't have a chance any more. Every girl I know is wearing a pair of wings over her heart, or is doing her best to acquire a pair."

"And here I lie," I moaned, "while my competitors cut the ground from under my feet. Tell me the truth, will I be out by Saturday?"

"If you progress as well as I hope," said Doctor Trimble, "you may be able to ride out there and look on. You certainly will not be able to go up. You might get a sudden wrench that would give you a bad setback."

I nodded, but secretly I resolved that if I got to the field, I would manage the rest of it.

THE week passed slowly by in spite of the many nice things people did to make it go faster. Peggy and Pete brought their table radio and attached it to the plug by my bed. The girls came in droves to see me, and brought me good things to eat and magazines to read. Lots of people sent me flowers.

Wednesday, they let me sit in a wheel chair and pushed me out on the porch in the sun. I watched the children playing in the park across the street and some boys playing tennis. That night Doctor Trimble said, "Well, you are doing fine. Keep this up, and we may take you home Friday."

Whether the excitement that remark produced in me was too great, I don't know, but next day I ran a temperature and they put me back in bed. It does you no good to object to anything in a hospital. They treat you as if you were six weeks old and had no mind of your own.

Friday afternoon I was lying there bitterly thinking of the good time I was going to miss next day, and in came Aline. "Too bad you won't be there to-morrow, old dear," she said. "But since you won't, I want to know if it's all right with you if I go up with Ken. I mean if he should ask me. I think I know him better than the other girls around here."

Which shows you that there's nothing your best friend won't tell you! "Certainly," I said sweetly, "and if you want your riding suit, ask Mother for it. I asked her to get it

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

from the cleaner's Wednesday and sew on all the loose buttons." That little dig I could not resist.

"Okay," she said cheerfully. "I'll come out Sunday afternoon and tell you all about the opening." And with that, she left.

Saturday was the loneliest day I have ever spent. All my friends were at the field. Mother had company, so she just stayed with me a short while that morning. I hadn't heard one word from Ken. I lay there and ran up a temperature thinking that he and Aline were at that minute gayly side-slipping through the little white clouds that dotted the blue sky. It was wormwood and gall to remember the cleaning bill I had paid to help Aline look her best.

The exercises lasted from one thirty until three. I had a faint hope that Ken might drop by to see me after it was over, so I put on my pretty negligee and did my hair the most becoming way, in a coronet braid. But four thirty came, and then five, and I gave up the idea.

My little red-headed nurse came in to see me. "You look like biting nails," she said. "Who has offended you?"

"No one at all," I said, and picked up a magazine. She went on out. At six o'clock I heard her rap on the door, and I thought she was bringing my supper.

"Come in," I said listlessly.

She pushed the door wide open and called, "Look your best—you've got company!"

With that she wheeled in some one in a chair, and, if you'll believe me, it was Ken Murray. He had a bandage around his head, and his left leg from the knee down was in a cast.

"Ken!" I gasped. "You've had a wreck! Did you tear up your plane?"

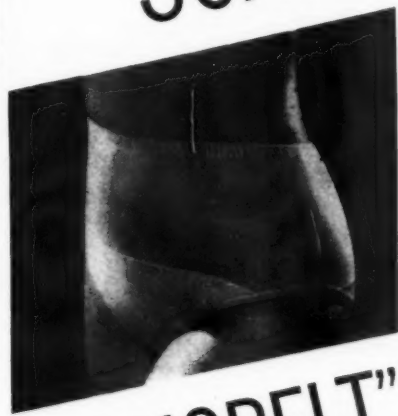
"I did not," said Ken with vigor. "Your impetuous brother did this to me, taking a corner on two wheels as he was bringing me here to pay my respects. I wanted to tell you that the opening was practically a failure because you weren't there."

"Is Pete hurt?" I gasped.

"Not a scratch on him, the lucky stiff," said Ken grinning. Even the bandage around his head could not keep him from looking gay and handsome.

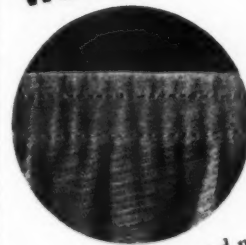
"Pete thought maybe I ought not to let you see me," he went on. "He had an idea the sight of my battered frame might shock your nerves, or something of the sort." He lit a cigarette. "Now me," he said, "I'm not worrying about that. In fact, nothing would please me more than to see you run a temperature just on my account."

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A QUEEN TOURS AMERICA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

been a part as a sophisticated ingenue in a Washington stock company when she was fifteen, and the only job she was ever fired from.

Smearing deep pink foundation on her face, she looked thoughtfully into the mirror. "I first read the play," she began gravely, deliberately, and there followed the story of how she had hid in the orchard.

"And wasn't there a trip to England?" I asked.

"Yes, the last part of August that same summer. I visited all of the museums in London that have any of the dresses Victoria wore. I had fittings—the costumes for the play were made in England—and that was rather laborious, for there are ten costumes and most of them are rather cumbersome affairs. I also saw and talked with many people who had known Victoria—people who had been members of her household, relatives, and so on. I went out to Kensington where Victoria had lived as a young girl, and to Windsor where she lived most of her life after she was queen. It helped me, to stand (Continued on page 38)



IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR EYES

Students who seem dull may have good minds. Their trouble may be, simply, that they've been reading in a poor light with consequent eye fatigue, wandering attention, and a mental slowing down as a result. Such is the gist of a recent report made by a committee of eyesight specialists, doctors, and research workers. The committee pointed to the remedy: better lighting of classrooms and homes.

Bad lighting is only one of the causes of eyestrain which tries nerves, lowers efficiency, and sometimes brings on headaches, nausea, dizziness. How can we avoid eye fatigue? Dr. Martin Haberfeld, an expert on optical afflictions, answers this question.



Hold reading matter, he tells us, slightly below the eye level. Have the light coming over the left shoulder if right-handed, over the right if left-handed. Don't read lying on the back, or on the stomach. Don't read in shaking vehicles. Go to an oculist once a year.

If you use your eyes all day, don't read at night. Look out into the distance, and up, about every fifteen minutes when reading. This tends to rest the eyes.

Other experts on vision warn us against reading in a waning light, or in the glare of sunshine. If we work facing windows we'd be wise to wear eye-shades. We should avoid rubbing the eyes with the fingers—infection may possibly result.

Resist that temptation, when reading, to bring the printed page closer and closer. In other words, be kind to your eyes.

DID GERMANY THINK TWICE?

Before the World War, not one of Germany's colonies paid its way. As "business propositions," all were problems. Yet many Germans were enthusiastic about the idea of colonies. Austria, now part of Germany, is not, of course, a colony, but economists are wondering whether it will not give the Third Reich some of the old colonial headaches.

Austria has never been self-sufficient. It has had to call on other countries for much food, nine-tenths of its petroleum. Germany

cannot supply these needs and must, itself, import petroleum and foodstuffs. Austria grows so little of its own grain that, though its inhabitants number fewer than seven millions, and Germany has a population of sixty-six millions, the smaller country has had to buy, outside its borders, almost as much grain as the larger one.

On the other hand, Austria brings Germany much-needed timber and a fair amount of iron ore. Moreover, well-regimented Austrian cows are expected to remedy, in part, the Third Reich's butter shortage.

Germany has gained in man power, has heightened its prestige with those who feel that might makes right. But, balancing profit against loss, will the union with Austria prove good business? Only time can tell.

ARE YOU A DESTROYER?

"Let the Government do it." Too often, that's the answer people give when asked to join in the fight for wildlife conservation. But the National Wildlife Federation is out to make everybody see that the campaign to save America's natural resources isn't just a Government affair; it concerns each and every one of us.

The Federation—Jay N. Darling ("Ding," the cartoonist) is its president—is an affiliate of organizations concerned with America's outdoor wealth. In the three years since it was founded, it has been carrying on a war against waste. Earlier generations in America, it points out, were ruthless in destroying animals, birds, fish, flowers, and



trees. We, their descendants, must reverse this process. We must do this, not just to give pleasure to nature lovers. In conserving wildlife we conserve food. In sparing trees we check floods and the washing away of precious topsoil.

When camping, if we're really on guard against starting forest fires, we won't light a fire unless we know we can put it out. We won't build it on leafy mold, since it may smolder and creep; or at the foot of a tree, because it may injure the roots or the bark. We'll use the actual soil—or else rocks—as a fireplace. And we will be sure the flames are out—that even the embers are out—before we go away.

THE REMARKABLE MR. MOSES

International fairs come and go. Sometimes they leave little more than a memory of bustle and ballyhoo, but there won't be that sort of aftermath to the New York World's Fair of 1939-40. Instead, the city will have a permanent park, an athletic center, and a boat harbor—all left over from the big show.

Credit for these lasting improvements will go, largely, to Robert Moses. He it was who insisted that the site of the Fair—twelve hundred and fifty acres of "made" land reclaimed from a boggy swamp—be added to New York's park system.

Mr. Moses, not yet fifty, has made a record. As a sort of warming-up exercise he headed a commission which reduced New York State's one hundred and eighty overlapping Governmental departments to a mere eighteen



designed for far greater efficiency. He streamlined the State's system so that its parks, now seventy in number, could be run with fewer waste motions.

He is best known, though, for his work in and around New York City. Under his direction, helpers have laid out new parks, built new highways, new bridges, new zoos. They've opened up splendid new beaches. One of these, Jones Beach, is a vast and inviting area of clean white sand, model bath-houses, pools, restaurants, and a neatly landscaped section given over to games. This beach, like many another project of Mr. Moses, is self-sustaining, made so by bathers' fees.

Most important of all, perhaps, Moses has made it possible for tens of thousands of children to get off New York's streets, where they were in constant danger from cars, into playgrounds where they are safe. In four years, the number of protected playgrounds has risen from a hundred and twenty-seven to over three hundred.

Single-minded, impatient of delay, driving forward to his goals during twelve-hour working days, Moses has made a host of friends and some bitter foes. But among New York's seven millions, vast numbers are grateful. And city-planners from near and far have been going to him to find out how it's possible to wish and do, instead of merely wishing.

SYNTHETIC SUN FOR YOUR ICE BOX

Will the ice box in the typical American home start being a place of light as well as of cold, even when the door is closed? It will if the experiments now being conducted by Dr. Harvey C. Rentschler of Bloomfield, New Jersey, and Dr. Robert F. James of Detroit prove successful.

What these scientists have in mind is an ultra-violet ray lamp—a sun lamp—for the refrigerator. By producing vitamin D it will, they believe, be a mold and germ killer and, therefore, a preserver of food. It's vitamin D in sunlight which, though it bucks us up, is hard on mold.

Two things important in this lamp of the future are, first, as low a temperature as possible when it's burning and, second, a sort of glass which will let the necessary rays through and still not be prohibitively expensive. If and when perfected, the lamp will be a boon not only in households but, in a far bigger way, to butchers, packing houses, and all handlers of meats and perishables. The prediction has been made that these foods will come down in price and still leave a bigger profit—together with less risk—to the merchant.

DON'T LET HIS MILK TEETH FOOL YOU

Air conditioning can boast of a strange new triumph. It is making life comfortable for a young gorilla. His name—Gargantua the Great—fits him nicely, for, although he is only seven years old and still has some of his milk teeth, he is nearly six feet tall, weighs four hundred and fifty pounds, and has the strength of five men!

At Sarasota, Florida, stands his little house, air conditioned to Congo temperature. Whether here or on a circus tour, he feeds expensively on the freshest of eggs, crisp celery, apples, liver extract, and chocolate syrup. But with all this luxury he could hardly be called happy. He's kept in a cage, for one thing, which annoys him. He throws celery tops and apple cores at visitors, once tried to choke his keeper, and actually succeeded in mangling the arm of John Ringling North, his owner.

Probably he's lonesome. One of the chief needs of big apes in captivity is companionship. If he had a chimpanzee friend, for



example, he might be sweeter, might even look less like "a cross between a gangster and a lunatic."

In their native haunts in West Africa, gorillas are hated by the farmers because, in the course of a single meal, one of them will destroy an acre of plantains. They're so hated that before the late Carl E. Akeley put in a successful plea for their protection, they were headed for extinction.

When the gorilla attacks he stands erect. Running through the forest, he goes on all fours. At night his family sleeps in a tree in a nest made of branches, twigs, and leaves while he dozes at the base, keeping guard. Many naturalists feel that, second to man, he's the most interesting creature on earth.



Short Talk FOR LONG DISTANCE

SOMETIME, when you're making a long distance telephone call, you might overhear the operators talking in what seems a strange language. They'll say a few words in English, and then spell letters that don't make sense to you. Those operators are saving your time and theirs by using a code of "short talk."

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work, avoids confusion and misunderstanding, and saves time. True enough, it may speed up each telephone call by only a few seconds. But multiply those seconds by the two and one-half million out-of-town calls made every day in the United States. The result is a staggering number of hours—even days—that are saved in every twenty-four hours.

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A QUEEN TOURS AMERICA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

in the rooms in which the scenes we do in the play actually took place. Unfortunately I hadn't time to get up to Balmoral. I also saw the author, for we had to decide which scenes to use. I wanted to cut out the old queen because I felt I couldn't do the make-up. (One of the critics said afterwards that I did the play for the sake of the make-up, but that wasn't true.) I wanted to end it with the death of Albert, and call the play *Victoria and Albert*, but Housman said I must be the old queen. He said, 'No old queen—no play.' So I yielded. Back in this country, for one month before rehearsals, I struggled with the problem of make-up."

Look at the faces of the young queen and the old queen, at Helen Hayes herself, and you will know just how difficult that problem was.

"I called in a make-up expert and every two or three days we would spend an hour on my face," she went on. "Dentists were called in to make appliances that would fit over my teeth and round my cheeks out. All of the things they contrived, however, had to be thrown out as cumbersome or painful. Charles Laughton advised me to use slices of apple—he had used apples for the cheeks of Henry the Eighth—but after one week, during the last rehearsals, the acid from the apples made my mouth sore, so I couldn't use them."

MISS Hayes stood up, finished with the base, the rouge, the wash that made her eyes larger and brighter, and her maid came over to help her change from street shoes to the little black sandals of the young Victoria.

"You don't mean to say you're going to tell what it is you use?" I exclaimed, incredulous. Miss Hayes nodded, kicking off her shoes. The maid knelt to change her stockings. I remembered that, when the play opened, a controversy had raged in New York newspapers on what the stuffing was that Miss Hayes used in her cheeks. Guesses ranged from eggs and gumdrops to a pair of life preservers from the old *Leviathan*.

"I don't mind about it now," said Miss Hayes in her grave manner, "but it annoyed me then because it seemed so trivial. What was important was that I should be the old queen inside. What made my cheeks fat didn't matter. It's a special kind of cotton, colored pink so that if I happen to smile too widely it won't show, and covered with vaseline so as to make it a little more palatable. I believe I've swallowed two or three pounds of vaseline since the play began," she added wryly.

"It wasn't until two or three weeks after the opening that I got the make-up I approved of, and then seven or eight before I was sure I could repeat it each night. The exact size was what I had to find. Finally we hit on the idea of weighing the cotton. We use one of those little scales, you know, that are meant for letters."

With the make-up man calling twice weekly, the actress proceeded with a study of her part, "being the old queen inside," learning and loving what Housman has called that "wonderful, contradictory character—not highly intellectual, but very intelligent; narrow in its opinions and prejudices, yet extraordinarily shrewd and sensible in its use of a long experience and a retentive memory; obstinate and self-willed, but to the guiding star of her life, devoted, almost submissive,

and wholly adoring. Without the Prince Consort to train her she would not have been a good queen; for twelve years after his death, luxuriating in her grief, she neglected her duties and became unpopular. The clever flattery of Disraeli brought her visibly back to the throne."

"Did you do much reading in your preparation for the part?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed, I read hundreds of books. But, fortunately, I like history. When I was in school it was always one of my best subjects. So I was lucky there. With *Mary of Scotland* I had a dreadful time finding anything, and with *Victoria* I had a dreadful time getting through all there was. I read the biographies—I had read some of them before, of course—and such things as *Victoria and Her Ministers* and books on the political aspects of her reign which really had nothing at all to do with the play and were a headache to read. But I went through them, too.

"Her letters were best, though. I got most from them, the feeling of the real woman. Not the originals, of course. No one knows where they are.

"Her diary I should have liked to read, but no one can see that. While I was in England I had tea with one of the granddaughters of Victoria, and she told me that one of Victoria's daughters has possession of it and no one can take it from her."

"Your accent in *Victoria*—I read somewhere that a hairdresser and your chauffeur, who was born in Germany, helped you with that."

"I decided on a German accent," replied Miss Hayes—she was shading her eyes now—"because I was afraid of an American one. Besides, I'm sure it was German." (Victoria was a granddaughter of George the Third, her father having been Duke of Kent, one of his younger sons. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was a German. The House of Hanover, of which the first reigning monarch was George the First, grandfather of George the Third, was a German house. Incidentally, since the present king, George the Sixth, is Victoria's great-grandson, the House of Hanover is still England's reigning family.) "Edward the Seventh, Victoria's son, was famous for his German accent, and I figured he might have got it from her. Then I saw, in a copy of a periodical of the period, *The Scotsman*, an account of an interview with Victoria in which the writer mentioned 'her guttural German R.' So I knew it was right."

The walk of Victoria—that vigorous thud-thud on her heels that is so exquisitely funny because it is so exquisitely right—Miss Hayes did not dig out of a book, nor had anyone who knew Victoria told her of it. "I thought," she said earnestly, "that a woman like Victoria would have a distinctive walk. And since the play opened I have read a new biography—Edith Sitwell's, do you know it? It is the best of them all—and in it there is a whole paragraph, or chapter, devoted to Victoria's walk—or walks, for she had a score of them—and the one that I had, Miss Sitwell has described exactly!"

Miss Hayes admitted that the many changes in costume and make-up in *Victoria* are tiring. "My fingers get tired," she said, like a little girl, "and sometimes, at the end of the week, I am very tired. But my rest comes," and her voice rounded into the actress's voice, the delicious, proud voice of the young queen

in the scene with Lord Melbourne, "on stage!"

It was with a little hesitation, remembering signs I had read on the call board—"Trunks must be packed by nine-thirty this morning," "The special train leaves at twelve-thirty tonight," "Do not plan to see friends over the week-end, because the special train will not go through New York City"—that I asked about *Victoria* on the road.

"After two years in New York," came the brisk answer, "the road is a perfect godsend—fresh audiences, fresh incentive to work!"

Perhaps you know the details of Helen Hayes's early life in the theater. In case you don't—while the actor who plays the part of Lord Melbourne, his costume distinguished by sideburns and fawn-colored vest, comes into the dressing room to speak to Miss Hayes—I will tell you about them briefly.

Helen Hayes began to act when she was six, in a play done by a Washington, D. C., stock company. There followed performances in other plays—school, church, now and then the stock company again. Lew Fields, lounging in the back of the Belasco Theater in Washington during one of his road tours, saw a small, blond-haired child with unmistakable charm do an imitation of a bathing beauty before an audience of mothers and friends of little girls in a dancing class. Helen was pigeon-toed and couldn't star as a dancer; she, or her mother, or the two of them together, had hit on this imitation as a substitute. Fields was so impressed he sent a note around saying that if she ever came to New York he would be glad to see her. Two summers later, when Helen was eight, she and her mother did go to New York and, having tried their luck everywhere else, remembered to go to Fields. They expected nothing, and Mrs. Brown (Helen Hayes takes her name from her mother's maiden name) even had her return tickets in her hand bag. Fields instantly engaged the child as Little Mimi in the musical comedy, *Old Dutch*, and for four seasons small Helen Hayes played with him, returning to Washington during the summers.

At the age of thirteen she was selected for the part of the child in the *Prodigal Husband*, in which was starred John Drew, uncle of Ethel, John, and Lionel Barrymore. John Drew, one of the prominent actors of your grandmother's generation, with his "immaculate, exquisite manners," spent many hours with the child, delighting himself as much as he did her. To the thoughtful, modest, and intelligent young girl his golden talk was a liberal education. Advised by him, at the conclusion of the play she returned to Washington to finish high school. Incidentally, she had had studies while on the road.

Back in Washington she worked hard, made no particular mention of her acting experience, enthusiastically contrived hats for herself and her school friends. At seventeen, her school days behind her and real learning ahead, she went on the road again, this time playing the lead in *Pollyanna*.

It was as the charming child, Margaret, in Barrie's *Dear Brutus* that she received her first warm recognition. From then on, she went from success to success, in *Bab, Bab-Dee*, *Clarence*, *To the Ladies*, *We Moderns*, *Caesar* and *Cleopatra*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *Coquette*, half a dozen motion pictures, several radio series, *Mary of Scotland*, and finally *Victoria Regina*. Always she's continued to grow, her art to deepen. (Continued on page 41)



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

ADVENTURES OF CHICO. A little Mexican boy's adventures with different birds and animals while herding his father's goats. Beautiful photography, good musical accompaniment. Informative and entertaining. (Woodard)

ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER. Outstanding in every respect is this technicolor production of the Mark Twain boyhood classic. Fine acting by all the children in the cast. May Robson is excellent as Aunt Polly. The story closely follows the book, and much of the original dialogue has been retained. Excellent costuming and settings. (United Artists)

BRINGING UP BABY. Hilarious farce in which a headstrong heiress (Katharine Hepburn) suddenly finds herself a leopard, introduces chaos into the life of a hitherto staid college professor (Cary Grant). Good cast. Excellent comedy. (RKO)

CRIME OF DR. HALLET. Thrilling story of life in a jungle outpost where two courageous scientists are trying to find a cure for a tropical fever. Young Park Avenue doctor (John King) is sent to aid doctor (Ralph Bellamy) who is already in the field, and carries on important work in spite of discouraging handicaps. Each member of the cast gives an exceptionally fine performance. (Univ.)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST. An outstanding production has been given the story of the girl saloon keeper (Jeanette MacDonald) and her romance with a much feared bandit (Nelson Eddy) in the early days of California. Glorious singing, beautiful photography. (MGM)

MAD ABOUT MUSIC. Delightful story of a lonely little girl (Deanna Durbin) in a Swiss school, forbidden to tell that her mother (Gail Patrick) is a famous screen star. She fabricates a father and when her bluff is called, in desperation appeals to a stranger (Herbert Marshall) who helps her out. Good acting, lovely music. An altogether charming film. (Univ.)

MERRILY WE LIVE. A very funny comedy of the screwy-family school. The cast is excellent and each member of it is in top form. Man mistaken for a tramp (Brian Aherne) is engaged as a chauffeur by mother (Billie Burke) in spite of daughter's (Constance Bennett) protests. The butler (Alan Mowbray) is horrified, the cook (Patsy Kelly) is glad, the father (Clarence Kolb) is just resigned. Hilarious dinner party climaxes the fun. (MGM)

OF HUMAN HEARTS. Tremendously moving drama which deals with an ever present problem—the difference in outlook between parents and children. The story, set in a Middle Western town in the days before the Civil War, was adapted from Honoré Morrow's "Benefits Forged." Excellent acting by Walter Huston as the stern minister who does not understand his son; Beulah Bondi as the mother; Gene Reynolds, the son as a boy, and James Stewart, the son as a man. A fine supporting cast. (MGM)

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM. The efforts of an advertising man (Randolph Scott) to find a child singer to please a sponsor are rewarded when a promoter brings his niece (Shirley Temple) for an audition, but many complications, not the least of which is a determined aunt (Helen Westley), follow before the program is finally presented. (Fox)

(For descriptions of Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading.)

TO THE VICTOR. Two sheep dogs share the acting honors with Will Fyfe and John Loder in an unusual story of rival sheep herders on the moors of Scotland. The ability of these dogs to make the sheep obey them is shown in a remarkable scene—the annual trials for the cup championship. Beautiful photography, smooth direction. An outstanding production. (Gaulmont British)

Good

BIG BROADCAST OF 1938. Lavish production, most of which takes place on board ship. Good songs, rather thin story. W. C. Fields is very funny, and Kirsten Flagstad's singing is one of the picture's highlights. (Para.)

FORBIDDEN VALLEY. Young man clears his father's name and establishes a ranch. Outstanding photography of beautiful mountain scenery and herds of wild mustangs. Good Western (Univ.)

THE KID COMES BACK. Texan (Wayne Morris) encounters trouble when he has to fight his friend for the heavyweight championship. Good prizefight melodrama. (Warner)

MIDNIGHT INTERLUDE. Mistaken identity causes confusion in a small town, but all turns out well when a son is reconciled with his parents. (Univ.)

MONASTERY. Unusual picture showing the life of two Catholic monastic orders, the Order of St. Bernard and the Trappist Order. (World)

RANGERS ROUNDUP. Singing cowboy in traveling medicine show outwits a gang of robbers practically single-handed. Good Western. (Spectrum)

ROMANCE IN THE DARK. Light comedy laid in Budapest, where a noted singer (John Boles) finds that his casual words of praise have brought a young singer (Gladys Swarthout) all the way from America. Good acting by John Barrymore as his impresario. Beautiful singing by Miss Swarthout. Entertaining. (Para.)

STORM IN A TEACUP. Cleverly done drama which tells how a dog changed the course of events in a Scottish election. Excellent acting. Very good comedy. (United Artists)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

ADVENTURES OF CHICO
BRINGING UP BABY
GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST
MAD ABOUT MUSIC
MERRILY WE LIVE
OF HUMAN HEARTS
REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM
TO THE VICTOR

Good

ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER.
Exciting but good
THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938
FORBIDDEN VALLEY
THE KID COMES BACK
MONASTERY
RANGERS ROUNDUP
ROMANCE IN THE DARK

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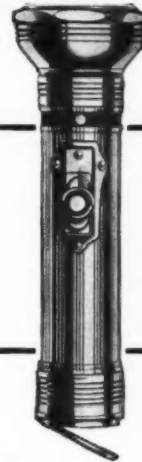
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SAVDELL CAMPBELL

Martin Pippin in the Daisy-Field by Eleanor Farjeon (Stokes) will take you right into the middle of a daisy field in Sussex. Martin Pippin is standing on a plank that crosses Murray River at the bottom of his garden. Over the river lies the daisy field. "It spread to the far foot of the Downs, like a green tablecloth full of crumbs. All the birds of the air, picking all day, could not have cleared them away in a week. All the mice in the grass, nibbling all night, could not have cleared them away in a month. But there were no birds to be seen, for the nests were asleep; and no mice, for the children were not. The only pickers in the daisy field were six little girls, filling their pinafores."

Martin saw Sylvia, who had a mischievous, inquisitive face and light brown hair, hazel eyes, and a tilted nose; Selina, who was fair-haired, very slim, and had a dreamy look in her blue eyes; Sue, who was small and had serious, almost black eyes, but was solid and had dimples; Sophie, who had golden hair and was quick and gay and carefree; Sally, who had a small, queer face and a pointed chin, and eyes that looked green; Stella, who had a crooked nose and a straight mouth and creamy skin and hair that was almost red; and, last of all, not to be forgotten, there was baby Sibyl, who lay in a clothes basket.

These six little girls insist that Martin, who is looking for his own baby, must guess who their fathers and mothers are and tell them each a story and sing a song to go to sleep on before they will go to bed. What fun and frolic and chatter follow as Martin tells the stories and sings the song! The tales are filled with fancy and wisdom—just the kind of stories that should be read or told in a daisy field, or before the fire where the shadows help you to imagine castles and fairies.

Let me give you one of the wisdom poems:

"Dance with your feet and dance with your heart,

"And your Slippers, though shabby, will play a good part:

"Dance without pleasure and dance without skill,

"Though your Shoes be of gold, you had better stand still."

Eleanor Farjeon who wrote this lovely book of fancy lives in England. She has a farmhouse in Sussex. It was in a tiny cottage there, before she acquired the farmhouse, that she wrote *Martin Pippin in the Apple-Orchard*, the gay and humorous tale that was written before the present poetic fairy tale.

There is a volume of American stories—"giant tales," the author, Carl Carmer, calls his book, *The Hurricane's Children*. Instead of making up stories about "the little

By NORA BEUST

Chairman of The American Library Association Board for Work with Children and Young People

people," American workers have had their fun with stories about men who did jobs that just could not be done by humans.

So you will read of Mike Fink, one of the Ohio River boatmen who was a great jumper. He made only one mistake and that was when he tried to jump the Ohio where it runs into the Mississippi near Cairo. When he got halfway across he realized that he wasn't going to reach the other side, so he just turned around in the air, quick as you please, and got back to the shore he started from—dry, except for a wet left foot that landed a little behind the right.

Another hero included is Davy Crockett, the greatest bear hunter of his day, who never used his gun on ordinary bears, but just grinned them down out of the trees and then let the dogs settle them. In Arkansas, the folks say that once he mistook a big knot on a tree for a coon; and he grinned so hard at the knot that, although no coon fell out of the tree, all the bark came off the knot.

To give you another of these out-of-doors giants, there is Paul Bunyan who hitched his blue-eyed ox, Babe, to a logging road that was so crooked people used to meet themselves on its curves. Babe yanked the road into eight straight miles. Paul gave the other fifty-eight miles to the City of Minneapolis after he had smoothed and shined them all up.

And so the tales go on. Take the book and sit on the green grass under the trees. If you close your eyes after reading the stories, you will feel that giant heroes are still close at hand.

Or, when you have finished with these tales, look for *Lumbercamp* (Holiday House) by Glen Rounds, in which Whistle Punk of Camp Fifteen, up Horse Crick way, turned up one frosty fall morning all duded up in a suit of store clothes. This is a tale of what happened in a lumber camp. The drawings by the author, the map of the Ajax Lumber Company, and the wooden boards that are used to make the cover add to the atmosphere. Have you read *Ol' Paul, the Mighty Logger*, another book of tall tales by Glen Rounds?

Who in the month of May hasn't wished to be a gypsy? Linji was a gypsy. She loved bracelets and especially one that appeared, very mysteriously, in a pail of water she was

carrying back for Eldorai, the fortune teller, who was waiting for a special cup of tea made from fresh water. The bracelet had seven green stones and three that looked like diamonds. Nareli, Linji's sister, wanted the bracelet the moment she saw it. For a while it looked as though the bracelet had really brought Linji bad luck. You will think so, I am sure, when you read how the cream-colored pony, Gregory, disappeared after Linji had persuaded Bob and Helen to go on a squirrel hunt with her.

Linji was not easily discouraged, even though troubles came thick and fast. The gypsy girl is much like any American girl, but if you do not know gypsies, you will be surprised at their opinion of the Gorgios (non-gypsies). Chesley Kahmann, an authority on gypsy life, is the author of *Gypsy Luck* (Julian Messner). *Tara, Daughter of the Gypsies* and *Raquel, A Girl of Puerto Rico* are two of Chesley Kahmann's other books you will enjoy.

Another book about horses, though of a different kind than Bob's cream-colored pony, is *Look-See With Uncle Bill* (Scribners) by Will James. Those of you who have read *Smoky*, *Uncle Bill*, and *In the Saddle With Uncle Bill* will know that the story is written in Western cowboy slang. By using the speech of the ranch and drawing the pictures of horses that tell the story as you read, Will James succeeds in taking you into the thick of "riding the herd"—which, in this instance, means a cloudburst and the separation of Kip from the rest of the party, and exploring that results in many an adventure for Kip and his sister, Scootie.

A book of short stories often provides what you want to read. For four years past Carol Rylie Brink has selected and edited an annual volume of *Best Short Stories for Boys and Girls* (Row, Peterson)—stories that were published the previous year. What a varied collection of stories the new volume is! In it you will find *Lost Nancy*, by Beth Bradford Gilchrist, *The Red Avengers' Mystery*, by the late Ellis Parker Butler, *Guppy and the Governor*, by Edith Ballinger Price, and *The Trumbull Spunk* by Emily Hopkins Drake, that first made their appearance in your own AMERICAN GIRL. You will find such stories as *Sally's Hoop Skirt*, about a pioneer daughter and what she did to contribute to the family supplies for breakfast and dinner; and a chapter of Elizabeth Coatsworth's *Alice-all-by-Herself* (Macmillan), that tells how Alice ventured out in a rowboat and had a beautiful adventure.

Under the Tent of the Sky (Macmillan) is a delightful book of poems, selected by John E. Brewton, about animals large and small.

A QUEEN TOURS AMERICA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

Lord Melbourne departed, and the maid began to comb Miss Hayes's hair, pinning on the braids that loop down below the ears in the peculiar headdress of the young queen in the second scene.

"Do you feel that your childhood experiences in acting were valuable to your career?" I asked.

"From my own experience," Miss Hayes replied, "I don't advise girls to go on the stage until after they are twenty. I didn't really learn anything about the stage until then. I think it's best, during the teens, to study, to store up knowledge and experience as a squirrel stores nuts, so that later one has that hoard to draw upon."

Would Miss Hayes say something, I asked, especially to the young girls who will never go on the stage, those who are nevertheless tremendously important as future members of the theater audience?

"Now just let me think for a moment," she answered. "This is a golden opportunity, and I want to make the most of it."

When she continued, her voice was earnest.

"I wish I could somehow plant in the hearts of young girls a really serious devotion to the theater, the sort of devotion that existed earlier. They take the theater casually, lightly, sometimes even rudely—by that I mean coughing, restlessness." There was a quick parenthesis. "I can say this because

Victoria is a play they adore, so it's not sour grapes. I think it's because of the motion pictures that they don't seem to realize the actors are human beings, or that the slightest sound in the house is as loud as a pistol shot on stage—that a cough can destroy the whole meaning of a line. Of course, I know it's only thoughtlessness on the part of young people, and adults, too, when they come to the theater with coughs. But they should either stay away, or control their coughing. Last winter I went to the theater with a bad cough, but I took along a box of lozenges. I ate the whole box, but I didn't cough.

"I wish the audience could learn to give their enthusiasm, their warm response. They are not used to giving, because they do not need to in the movies. In the theater on a funny line, in a comedy scene, one must have laughter! If there is no laugh, or if the laugh is half-hearted, it's like telling a story to a roomful of people and having it fall flat—you blush for five minutes! In the serious scenes one needs quiet attention."

There was a light tap on the door. That must be the half-hour call. I got up. The maid went to the door. Mop, who had been sleeping, roused himself. Miss Hayes got up, extended her hand.

"Tell them," she said, with the dignity and modesty that have made her so deeply beloved, "that when they come to the theater they are part of the show, and they don't realize it any more. But they must. For we are good or bad, according to them."

BERMUDA IN A BOTTLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

fragrances is typical of the islands' charm. There are tiny, dark blue bottles, very reasonably priced, in boxes that simulate the native cedar wood; and there are larger bottles, specially designed and set in boxes of real Bermuda cedar, that exert a most unholy pull at the pocketbook. The "de luxe" bottle of Easter lily perfume is in the shape of the white flower chalice. A more perfect Easter gift you can never hope to find—if you can afford it.

The "salesroom" of this unique factory is not like any you ever saw before. It is in the part of the old house that has not been renovated, hence it has retained its early colonial atmosphere. In the back of the room is the quaint fireplace, not on the level of the floor, but set in the wall with the hearth about two feet above the floor. The early Bermuda colonists, you see, were not hampered by the present advertising fiction that the islands are blessed with sunshine every day of the year. They knew that there were plenty of cold, stormy days; and this type of fireplace was designed to throw the heat more equably into the room than the usual one does, and to prevent a cold draught along the floor.

My husband and I visited the factory during the first days of our sojourn in Bermuda. And having met the delightful proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Scott, we returned many times to take pictures and to watch the extraction process of a new and fascinating perfume made from passion flowers.

This is undoubtedly one of the world's rarest and most expensive perfumes. The fragrance of the passion flower is so subtle, almost intangible, that it takes an enormous number to make a tiny quantity of perfume.

The passion flower is native to certain parts of South America, Australia, and South Africa. Those growing in the latter country have no fragrance at all. The ones which Mr. Scott uses are the Australian variety.

You probably know the beautiful flower by sight, especially if you happen to live in the sub-tropical portions of the United States where it thrives in the same luxuriant way that morning glories do farther north. It is a vine with curly tendrils, and the blossoms are tinged with soft purple fading into waxy white.

The beautiful flower was named hundreds of years ago by missionary priests who saw in both vine and blossom the symbols of Christ's Passion on the Cross. If you will observe the picture closely, you will see some of the following symbols:

In the very center is the Cross. The stamens are the hammers and the styles the nails. The circle around them is the crown of thorns, and the radiating white is the nimbus of glory about the head of Our Lord. The purple coloring is His blood, and the ten petals are symbolic of the ten faithful apostles (this excludes Judas Iscariot and also Peter who denied Christ). The tendrils of the vine are the ropes with which He was bound, and the three-pointed leaf represents the Trinity.

My husband and I got up especially early one morning to accompany one of the young ladies from the Lili Perfume Factory to the place where the passion flowers were being gathered. It was in a sort of experimental field, entirely surrounded by woods and quite

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near the quaint old building where the Easter lily perfume was born.

Part of the field was occupied with rows and rows of young gardenia bushes. When they produce sufficient quantities of blossoms, gardenia perfume will be added to the "repertoire" of the Lili Factory.

Against the wooded background, the passion flower vines covered a long wire trellis with a glowing tapestry of deep green foliage and jewel-like blossoms. So rare and delicate was the coloring of the lovely flowers that it almost seemed wicked to pick them. And yet, if left on the vines, they would have withered within a very few hours after the hot morning sun found them.

I noticed that each flower was handled as carefully as if it really were a jewel. Clipped from the stems with sharp scissors, the blossoms were laid gently in a tall wicker basket. Such was the profusion of blooms on the vines that it took only a short time to fill the container. Then it was carried back to the factory where early-bird tourist visitors were already arriving, and the extraction process was commenced.

The lustrous purple-and-white blooms were placed on the glass trays of the chassis; and again I could only think of rare jewels set in

a crystal casket for queens and empresses to see. There is something indescribably appealing about these exotic flowers. Designers of fabrics have overlooked a wonderful opportunity to use not only the form of the blossoms, but their subtle colorings in dress materials. And I am surprised that the makers of costume jewelry have not long ago seized upon the exquisite beauty of the flowers to reproduce in ornaments.

Well, at any rate, Mr. Scott is preserving their ethereal fragrance and presenting it in a perfume which will undoubtedly become even more popular as the output increases and the price goes down.

He first had the idea of making passion flower perfume in 1931. But he was confronted with problems far different from those he had encountered in imprisoning the fragrance of the Easter lilies. He had many thousands of those blooms at his disposal, and their odor was rich and very definite. The passion flowers hoarded their elusive scent like misers their gold—and there were comparatively few vines in Bermuda.

Young Mr. Scott, however, was not dismayed by the difficulties involved. As a matter of fact, I think he thrives on knotty problems. He commenced by planting a hundred

small vines, which produced enough flowers the second year so that he could begin his experimental work. But it was not until 1934 that he actually finished the first lot—about six hundred ounces, which made one hundred and thirty bottles, a very "limited edition" indeed!

As we watched the fascinating process by which the evasive fragrance is coaxed from the bloom into the thick coating of mutton tallow above it, several little colored children came in, each with a box of flowers. One had about a quart of wild jasmine blossoms, another had a large basket of red and pink oleander flowers, and a third offered a box of freesia blossoms. All were accepted in the "extraction" room, weighed, and paid for at so much a pound.

Thus, in many ways, the Lili Perfume Factory has made itself an integral part of Bermuda's life. And it is interesting to note that two Americans have been largely responsible for an industry which contributes so greatly to Bermuda's income—the Civil War General who brought the first Easter lily bulbs to the islands and started their culture, and the young chemist who utilized the blossoms which were "wasting their fragrance on the desert air."

YOUR SCHOOL GIVES A PARTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

be invited. Special invitations should go to each of the school faculty. If the party is a masquerade, the teachers should be asked to dress up. And if you are having a stunt party, by all means ask your teachers to put on a stunt of their own. You may be delightfully surprised at teachers you consider pretty sedate, or very strict.

When the party is a more formal affair, such as a dance or reception, written invitations are correct. These should be sent at least two to three weeks before the party. In addition to the school faculty there may be townspeople who, for one reason or another, should be invited. The president of the Mothers' Club may be one who should have an invitation. Or you may want to invite the head of some neighboring school, or a patron or school board member who lives in your school district. In sending invitations to married people you always include the husband or wife of the person invited—unless the occasion is strictly feminine, or strictly stag.

If no special invitations are to be sent, and the announcement of the party is merely made in assembly and on the school bulletin boards, it is, nevertheless, best to appoint some one to speak individually to the teachers and to the school principal, cordially urging them to come. Another committee member might speak to some of the shy boys and girls who steer clear of social functions, saying how nice it would be to see them at the party.

As chairman appoint the one who can best handle the task of sending the invitations, to be in charge of all these details. Make that person feel that it is a privilege to do this for the school. Emphasize the importance of sending invitations promptly. Let there be no hurt feelings on account of some one being overlooked, or asked at the last moment. A girl who procrastinates is a poor choice for the task of getting out the invitations.

Refreshments for school parties should not be elaborate. A salad, hot rolls, and either an ice or a mousse for dessert may be the menu for an especially important occasion. Or there may be just sandwiches and cocoa; or merely

fruit punch and little cakes. Often the students themselves make the refreshments and do the serving as a part of their domestic science work. Sometimes a caterer is employed to prepare the food and see that it is properly served. Or the school may order the food and hire waiters to serve it, or a committee of boys and girls may take charge of the serving. Whatever the arrangements, the refreshments chairman should have all the plans carefully made, well ahead of the party.

The chairman of the school dance should be a boy or girl with a reasonable amount of business ability. Often there is money to handle and many business details to look after. Securing a hall is frequently the first matter to attend to. If the dance is in the school gymnasium, the matter is simple enough. If the gymnasium isn't adequate, either the chairman, or some one appointed for this task, interviews the manager of a hotel or club with a suitable ballroom. Usually there is the question of getting a place within a certain price. Figures have to be secured from several places and discussed with the committee as a whole. When a place is found that meets the approval of the committee, steps are taken to engage it for the party. All the final arrangements must be in writing, either in the form of a contract, or a letter stating clearly the date, hours, and price. Sometimes the manager of the hall draws up the contract, or he writes a letter "confirming the conversation." If he neglects to do this, it is the responsibility of the chairman to see that there is some kind of written agreement. Oral arrangements are too easily misconstrued, or misunderstood. Take no chances, but be businesslike in every detail.

If the school orchestra is to play, another problem is simplified for the dance committee. In engaging an outside orchestra, again you must make sure that the date, hours, and price are understood by the orchestra leader and by the committee. Have everything in writing, including any special arrangements as to length of dances, types of music, etc. Make sure there is no misunderstanding about

the time the music is to start. Orchestras have a habit of turning up late. It is awkward for the committee if the school arrives at eight o'clock and the orchestra at ten or so. The chairman's being sorry doesn't help in the least in such a catastrophe.

Different schools have their own customs about the selection of chaperons at school dances. Sometimes teachers are invited and sometimes outsiders are. If your committee has any doubt about the proper procedure, consult the principal of your school on this point.

Invitations to the chaperons may be in writing, or they may be given personally. Sometimes the party chairman adds her own word of invitation to the formal note sent by the committee. Whatever the custom, the chaperons must be given a friendly welcome, not only by the committee in charge, but by the boys and girls at the party. Some one should be appointed to see that the chaperons are served refreshments, that various people talk to them, and that, at the end of the evening, they are thanked for their share in the party.

If the dance is a program affair, dance cards should be filled out for each of the chaperons. Sometimes the chaperons are young married couples who enjoy dancing as much as anyone. Let various boys and girls plan to exchange dances with them. If the chaperons do not care to dance, don't let this serve as an excuse for making a rude or hasty departure. Sitting out one dance and carrying on a conversation is really no serious hardship—in fact it might prove a pleasure! As a committee member, make it clear that "forgetting" a dance with a chaperon is a reflection on the school.

Most school parties which are at all formal in character have a reception committee composed of school executives, honor guests, and important members of the student body. These people form a line near the door of the room in which the party is given. There they extend an official welcome to the guests.

Usually the prin- (Continued on page 50)

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Poets! Take Note!

THE FORUM magazine is offering a total of a thousand dollars in poetry prizes for "the most compelling poems challenging the American people to be alert to their liberties." Secondary-School students are eligible to compete. The Editors hope to receive poems that will "mobilize the creative imagination of the country to rekindle the once burning passion for liberty that made this nation free."

The judges will be Padraic Colum, President of the Poetry Society of America; William Allan Neilson, retiring President of Smith College; and Carl Van Doren, poet and critic.

If you wish to enter the contest, write for particulars to the Poetry Contest Editor, THE FORUM, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York.

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Shopping Sleuth

BY ANNA COYLE



Spring cleaning, of the old-time upsetting variety, is out of favor. Instead we try to keep our homes clean the year around with the aid of the very latest gadgets. For example, you will find dusting a pleasure with the new dusting paper. It comes in sheets, or rolls, and it is impregnated with a fine furniture polish so that it polishes as it dusts. After dusting is completed, discard the paper. You'll be glad to have no unsanitary, dirty rags lying around!

Even dish washing can be a pleasant duty with the latest paper dish cloth, a soft crinkly one that will not absorb grease and dirt, and is always sweet and clean.

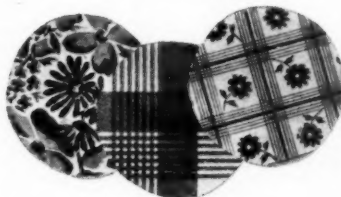
Clues to Cleanliness

Another household cleanser that appeals to the esthetic taste is a familiar cleaning powder used in the bathroom and kitchen. The new deluxe package belongs out in full sight—always handy for use. Rich black and red, in modern design, it is as smart as your carefully chosen bathroom accessories.

A similar container holds a fragrant soap powder for cleaning the hands. This powder, used with water, removes all kinds of stubborn dirt, grime, and grease. Handy for camping and hiking, or after gardening.



Oil Cloth and Waxed Paper Doilies



Cool summer drinks will soon be in order and moisture-proof coasters will be needed. Doilies cut from bright-hued oilcloth are charming and practical. New patterns include plaids, fruit and floral motifs, and a lovely Wedgewood design.

Similar coasters, 5" and 9" in diameter, in dainty all-over designs, are available in waxed paper.

First Aid

How to guard against infection is the subject of a handy First Aid booklet that is timely for the outdoor season.

The information in this booklet is based on the experience of safety directors and safety workers, and it has been checked by physicians and scientists. It is small enough to fit into a First Aid kit, or to keep in the medicine cabinet to remind you that even a simple scratch or cut should have antiseptic care to prevent more serious trouble. A copy will be sent free on request by the publisher.

Shopping List—Write to-day for a shopping list that will tell you where the articles described here may be obtained. Be sure to send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Shopping Sleuth, The American Girl, 14 West 49th Street, New York City.



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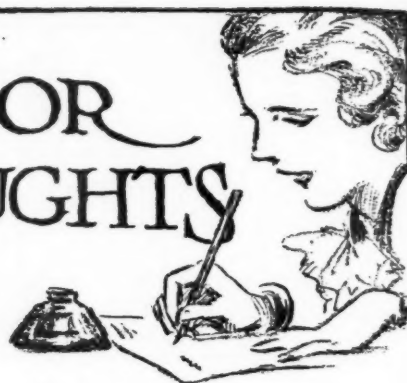
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A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



MARTHA'S HOBBIES

MUSSELSHELL, MONTANA: I have received THE AMERICAN GIRL for four years and have never been disappointed in a single copy. My favorite stories are those about Em and Kip, and Bushy and Lofty. *Make-Believe Dog* is one of the best serials I have ever read.

I certainly enjoy the new series of articles, *This Little Pig Went to Market*, started in the March issue. I will miss the Betty Bliss stories.

I live on a cattle ranch sixteen miles north of Musselshell, a small town of about one hundred people. This town is on the Musselshell River in central Montana.

I have four sisters, all of whom are younger than I. I am sixteen years old and am a Junior in high school. The nearest school is in Musselshell so we stay in town during the school year.

My hobbies are collecting stamps, collecting arrowheads, odd rocks and fossils, letter writing, and reading.

Martha Loffel

PUBLIC FAVORITE NUMBER ONE

VERMILION, SOUTH DAKOTA: I love THE AMERICAN GIRL! Not only I, but everyone. I have proof. You see, I am part-time librarian in our high school library. I check out magazines. THE AMERICAN GIRL is the favorite. Its covers are always the first to get worn out.

There is a reason for everything, and the reason for this is that THE AMERICAN GIRL is the best. The stories are always so interesting, the articles so helpful (not a chance of being bored by them!), the jokes so funny, and the pictures of the Girl Scouts, portraits—and especially the cover for March—are so delightful. S. Wendell Campbell has my admiration and respect and gratitude for her swellelegant drawings.

I suppose you've gathered, by now, that THE AMERICAN GIRL is Public Favorite Number One, to one and all.

Marilyn Nelson

AN INTRODUCTION TO SCOUTING

BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS: First of all I wish to thank you for getting me interested in such a wonderful organization as the Girl Scouts, by your many interesting articles, stories, and columns. I have joined the Girl Scouts and have been to three meetings so far. I intend to pass my Tenderfoot test at the following meeting, or the next one after that.

Also I wish to express my opinion of the magazine. I am on my second year as a subscriber and have thoroughly enjoyed every

issue. I think THE AMERICAN GIRL does an excellent job of providing education and entertainment.

As for articles, Beatrice Pierce's come first. I feel they are both interesting and helpful. As for cover designs, I have loved every one we have had so far.

Barbara Harnden

A LETTER from the EDITOR

Dear Girls,

Many of you seem to have misunderstood my letter about the matter of "Pen Pals," printed in the March issue. The intention of that letter was to tell you how sorry we are that we cannot either send you the addresses of the girls with whom you would like to correspond, or publish the full addresses in the magazine. For the protection of our readers, we must regard their addresses as confidential. We shall be glad, however, to forward your letters (if we, ourselves, have the full addresses) provided you have used sufficient postage. Don't forget that a letter (weight one ounce or less) to a foreign country must have a five-cent stamp. Address your letter to the girl with whom you wish to correspond, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York City.

We are all happy to know that you enjoy this page so much. Write to us often, for we are always glad to receive your letters.

THE EDITOR

A GOOD FRIEND

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE: Although I have been reading THE AMERICAN GIRL for only three months, I have enjoyed it so much that I wanted to tell you about it. For many years I have wanted to subscribe to this magazine; and since I became a Girl Scout, my desire has increased. Now at last I may consider THE AMERICAN GIRL one of my best friends.

Just to illustrate what a friend it has been, I wish to tell you about several times that THE AMERICAN GIRL has really helped me, besides being an enjoyable magazine.

One day we were to have a travel sketch in English class, and when I reported on *Bermuda on a Bicycle* the teacher remarked that it was one of the best travel sketches she had heard. I was proud to tell her it came from THE AMERICAN GIRL. The next day my mother, who is a school teacher, took the February issue to school and read *The Haunted Patio* to her pupils who were studying

about Mexico. Now we are having a play at school, and the article in the January issue called *Footnotes on Footlights* has been a great help to me in practicing for my part. *Mistress of Ceremonies* in the March issue already has me seething with the desire to have a party, so that I may try out the games.

Elsie Andrews

A HELP IN GIRL SCOUTING

FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA: After reading my March issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL I had to write and tell you what a good time I have reading every copy of our magazine. If I ever lost THE AMERICAN GIRL, I would have lost a friend—and all of the girls in the neighborhood feel the same way.

I am a First Class Girl Scout and I find that THE AMERICAN GIRL helps me a lot with Scouting.

One of my favorite stories is *Make-Believe Dog*. It is one of the most exciting stories I have ever read. I also like *What's On the Screen* because I know that every movie in this list is excellent.

Patsy Foster

THE CALIFORNIA FLOOD

ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA: This is the third year that I've taken THE AMERICAN GIRL, and it is the best magazine I've ever seen. The March issue has been a special joy as we have started March with a flood. As I have to stay indoors, I have read my March number ten times so far.

We are certainly lucky for, though the towns above us were practically washed off the map, we escaped with no school, plenty of water, and, being marooned, no electricity and no gas. One thing the storm has done, however, is to make me write and tell you what an event it is when the new AMERICAN GIRL arrives.

Carolyn Snyder

HERE'S HOPING!

BELGRADE, MAINE: I am a girl from the Pine Tree State. My mother gave me a one-year subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas. I've enjoyed it very much—especially the stories, *Make-Believe Dog*, *A Finger in Art*, and *Boats Across the Meadows*. In the last issue I liked the article, *Shirley Goes to Sunnybrook Farm*. I also read *Jean and Joan* for they tell you what to expect in the next issue.

I am a 4-H Club girl, but not a Girl Scout, much to my regret. My town may start up a Scout camp. If so, I will join. Here's hoping!

Lucile E. Farnham

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

strange effect against their barnlike background of dark weathered boards. Beside Rhoda on the sofa, the photograph album across his knees, he gave himself up to her entertainment, while the rest of the family sat in a speechless row. Stevie and Willie, planted on chairs too high, dangled their dusty bare feet in awed discomfort. After a season Gracie Mae, pausing to be conventionally urged, rendered "The Bells of Saint Mary's" on the old square piano.

Under cover of the music Dave oozed out through one of the long French windows that led to the gallery. But while the bell-like chords were yet under his sister's fingers, he thrust his head in again, shyness forgotten. "You-all come on out! Gypsies! They've got some bears with 'em!"

One of the pickaninnies, little Dinky, tangled himself in Dave's legs, eyes bulging and mouth agape. "An' him as hasn't a b'ar has a monkey!" he hiccupped. Willie and Stevie needed nothing more. They shot out of the window, followed promptly by the others.

Dinky had exaggerated. There were two bears and one monkey. Two covered sheep wagons, spilling over with children, and a rattle-trap of a car were coming to a halt in the rutted road beyond the cape jasmynes. Most of the grown members of the Gypsy band, broad faces darkened by the sun, were afoot. Their gay clothing and the white coverings of the wagons made an arresting picture in the evening sunlight, against the gray and green of the moss-hung live oaks. The men who led the bears were crooning a whining song that their charges seemed to understand. There had been showers the night before and water still cupped itself in the clay around the tree roots. As they watched, some of the women stripped the small children to bathe them in the puddles.

One of the women came to the house to beg. She mounted the gallery steps and, with a melting smile, asked with pointed finger for everything in sight. For Rhoda's pearl beads and Ma's apron and even for the half-used cake of soap beside the tin washbasin on the corner of the railing. Ma shook her head discouragingly, and Clancy dived into his breeches' pocket and gave her a small coin to get rid of her.

"Where have they come from?" Rhoda asked eagerly.

"Up from Mexico," Berry answered, eagerly too, entirely forgetting to be cool.

Meanwhile the Gypsy woman with the monkey, her vari-colored petticoats hitched one above another, like gorgeous flower petals, came toward them through the jasmine bushes. She strode into the middle of Ma's biggest rose bed, and stood there, holding the little animal, a gray thread of a creature, on a string—and in her free hand she held a switch. She dandled the monkey up and down.

"Danza, leetle monkey, danza!" she chanted, and struck him a stinging blow with the whip. The little creature cried out and leaped into the air.

Moved by a common impulse, Berry and Rhoda dashed down the gallery steps. "Don't do that!" Rhoda cried indignantly. "What do you mean by hitting him?"

The woman smiled—an indulgent, golden smile. "Zat maka ze leetle monkey danza," she cooed, and hit him again.

Suddenly the monkey took an interest in his own affairs. Hunching his shoulders, he seized his collar in two tiny hands and forced it up over his ears—and, with a spring, was away! Like a puff of smoke he melted into the thick undergrowth among the magnolias at the side of the house.

The woman screamed angrily and immediately there was an uproar. Except for those in charge of the bears, the gypsies stormed toward the house with shouts and cries. They flung themselves here and there among the trees, beating with hands and sticks the tangle of seedling live oak, dewberry, and low palmetto which carpeted the ground. But the monkey had been too quick for them. At last, finding their search vain, they gathered in a noisy knot at the house corner, casting ugly glances meanwhile at the group on the gallery. An old crone in the front of the foremost wagon raised skinny black arms to heaven and cursed the Pockets.

Patience was never Clancy Pocket's crowning virtue and now he had had enough. Black brows knitting with anger, he strode to the steps. "What you-all mean destroyin' mah property? Yore monkey's gone and serve you right! You fellahs ain't fit to own a hawg!" He pointed imperiously up the road. "Get out of here! Pronto! Before Ah set the dawgs on you!"

At bedtime, thanks to the diversion created by the Mexicans and the monkey, Berry was able to share her little room with Rhoda with a fairly good grace. She lit the kerosene lamp on the table by the old maple bed. Its muted light fell full on the room's only orna-

ment—save for Pa's roses in a pitcher on the washstand—a large squirrel of rough white plaster with pink ears and tail.

Rhoda opened her dainty bag and laid out an intriguing row of toilet articles while Berry, whose preparations for bed were basically simple, sat erect on the clean corn-husk mattress and watched, knees drawn to her chin—and the sheet drawn high as well, to cover her coarse cotton nightgown.

Standing in the lamp light Rhoda was a picture in her sleeveless pink nightdress and pink slippers. With a white-backed brush she was treating her shiny curls to the twenty strokes which her mother required, when suddenly—quite unexpectedly—the last remnant of hostility in poor stiff-necked Berry melted away. Her eyes above the sheet were eloquent.

"You-all look pretty as a pink posy!" she burst out.

Rhoda was so surprised that she nearly dropped her brush. "What a sweet thing to say, Berry! And you're pretty, too," she added generously. "I've always wished that I had dark eyes."

Berry flashed her a half-startled smile. She had never thought of herself as pretty. "Seems like it must be wonderful livin' in New York," she said wistfully. "Ah'd like it fine to hear all about it. New York's a heap different from what it is down here, Ah reckon."

Rhoda laid down her brush. "Yes, it is. Entirely different. My father works in a bank. Most of the people don't have houses; they live in apartments—just a few rooms, you

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know. Our apartment is on West Eighty-fourth Street. It's a walk-up," she added.

"A walk-up?" Berry breathed.

"That means you walk upstairs. There's no elevator, nor doormen. We haven't much money, you see—that's why we live in a walk-up. I go to high school."

Brows drawn together in bewilderment, Berry bent down and fished under the bed for one of her cherished magazines. "Ah figgahed everyone in New York was rich," she said slowly, and flipped the pages open to the fashion mannequin posed with the calla lily. "Ah reckoned all New York folks had grand houses, and was powerful tricked up—like that. Or this one heah." She turned the pages.

Two heads, one dark and one blond, bent above the pictures. "Well," Rhoda said doubtfully at last, "I suppose there *are* such people in New York, but you don't often see them. They're fashionable people, I guess, with loads of money. We're just everyday folks. And there are lots of real poor people there, too, Berry."

Later, when the lamp was out, Berry lay still and thoughtful, leaving further conversation to her guest. "I love it lying here," Rhoda mused, "with the moonlight on the floor, and the shadow of that big magnolia tree. And the stars—*Oh, Berry, what's that?*"

For suddenly a thin, weird, mounting cry had pierced the moonlight like a sword, closed in instantly by a chorus of barking yelps. "Yip-yip! Yip-yip-yip! Yip!"

Berry was growing drowsy. "Nothin'," she murmured. "Just coyotes. They come around nights and howl."

"But coyotes are wolves. Won't they get in?"

Berry laughed. "If they did, they'd be more scairt of you-all, than you're scairt of them. What you studyin' to do, Rhoda?"

"To see them," Rhoda explained, ducking for her slippers.

"You can't. Nobody can. They just sort o' fade. They're powerful cowards."

"I'm going to try. I—" But Rhoda interrupted herself with a shriek. "Oh, Berry! There's something in the room. It's a wolf! It's on me! It's got its paws around my neck, and its tail, too!"

Berry shot out an exploring hand. "It's

the monkey! The gypsies' monkey! Hold still, Rhoda, till Ah light the lamp! Don't move! He won't hurt you!"

It was, indeed, the monkey. A teeth-chattering, terrified little monkey. It took all the girls' excited persuasion to unclasp his clinging hands and to unwind his tail.

"He was scairt of the coyotes," Berry surmised, lifting him by his tiny arms. "He must have climbed up the magnolia tree and jumped in the window. He's used to bein' with folks."

With difficulty they calmed the little fellow, and Rhoda cuddled him against her shoulder. "Isn't he precious? Look at his funny little ears—just like a baby's."

"Monkeys *are* like babies. If babies had fur," Berry agreed. "Oh, Rhoda, his back is all sore!" For the little animal had cringed away when she touched him.

"Let's wash him to-morrow and doctor him up," Rhoda suggested eagerly.

"Right after breakfast," Berry agreed. "But we-all better settle down now, or Pa'll be hollerin'." She reached for the lamp to blow it out. "The monkey can sleep between us. You-all hold him, Rhoda. He likes you best."

NEXT morning, the girls told their story and exhibited their trophy to a spell-bound audience. The monkey proved the perfect antidote for Dave's bashfulness.

"Dass we keep him, Pa?" he asked hopefully.

"Sure will." Clancy placed his big hand protectingly over the little creature's ears. He was tender with animals. "Little fellah, Ah reckon yore dancin' days are over."

"Ah've thought of somemin'," Berry cut in earnestly. "We-all just natchelly ought to give him to Rhoda, so she can take him home. He likes her best. And maybe in New York they never seen monkeys."

At the offer, Rhoda's delighted cry left no doubt of her sentiments in the matter.

"If Mistuh Kimball'll let her pack him Nawth, that'll be right nice," Clancy beamed. He was delighted with the outcome of the visit. Dave acquiesced cheerfully; and even the twins, true sons of the South, swallowed their personal disappointment and entered into the joy of gift giving.

After a hearty breakfast of ham and hominy

Rhoda donned a faded gingham dress of Berry's, and the two girls crouched together on the gallery floor, the monkey and the wash-basin between them. Colored Sassy from the kitchen joined them with a potent home-made unguent warranted to take the misery out of anybody's back. The twins, their heads in her way, squatted one on each side of Rhoda, while Dave, entirely at ease, sat astride of the railing. He had ripped off two long strips of red leather, embellishments on the legs of some old range-riding chaps of Clancy's, and had already fashioned an attractive little collar for the newest arrival. Now he was braiding a leash out of narrow red strands. By her latest act Rhoda had enhanced her already brilliant popularity. She had given the monkey a name—"Pocket."

Later in the morning, when a handsome modern car had shown its black and silver muzzle among the live oaks and Mr. Kimball had alighted at the door, he discovered that his niece, though bodily clad again in the immaculate linen of departure, was spiritually disinclined to leave. He shook hands with Ma and clapped Clancy on the shoulder with genuine fondness, but, over the question of taking the monkey North, he seemed a little doubtful. However, a glance at the anxious face of his favorite niece improved "Pocket's" chances. "Perhaps a little box with wire netting—in the baggage car. Her father meets her in Chicago."

Rhoda's farewells seemed addressed to old friends. "Good-by, Mrs. Pocket. Thank you for my lovely time. Auntie will want to thank you, too. As soon as she feels better she'll write you. Good-by, Miss Mittie. Good-by, Gracie Mae. It was so nice of you to invite me, Mr. Pocket. Thank you for the monkey's new clothes, Dave! I think they're awfully becoming, don't you? Good-by, Stevie and Willie. Remember, as soon as I get home, I'm going to send you a football!"

She saved Berry for the last and flung herself impetuously into the arms of her new friend. "You must write to me every week, Berry, and tell me what's going on! I can't bear to leave! I never saw such a place—there's something exciting every minute, even in the middle of the night. And to think that to-morrow I have to start back to New York where nothing ever happens!"

MAKE-BELIEVE DOG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"Keep us moving, boy!" she pleaded. The ripple of muscle was slowing, slowing. The sled was scarcely moving at all. But they couldn't stop here! Here, a hundred feet from shore, they might as well be a thousand if the Dog should quit. He couldn't! He couldn't!

"Hallelujah, white boy! *Mush!*"

He had done his best. He was necking his team. Behind him they fell and were dragged, white bundles of helpless fur that could not take shape again without footing to help them rise.

But the Dog couldn't do it alone. No animal could. Even King—even King, Claire knew, couldn't have saved himself here. Yet the Dog must do what King couldn't. Claire tried to think of some word, some command, that would call forth the Dog's last ounce of willing effort. Struggling to find that word, that command, she thought of the hours she had spent with Jake, seeking a word that would bring him back. She needed, now, a command that would send the Dog on.

Abruptly it came to her. Jake Connolley's whistle. The haunting, melodious trill that wasn't music, that was only the echo of dog feet set in the rhythm of their thumping progress on a trail.

Behind her muffler her lips were cold. Claire rubbed them to warm them with the back of her mittened hand. She rubbed them until they were raw, until she could feel their warmth with her tongue. Then out on the air she sent the winging message of hope and courage and belief that was Jake's accolade for a team that could give its best—and then more.

Up ahead the Dog whined. He had meant to quit. But he couldn't, with that whistle commanding him on. And he didn't. He inched his way to the farther shore, dragging his team and the sled, with Claire spending her weight and her strength, pushing from behind. Her contribution was meager. The Dog did the job. And when, as they touched the safety of shore snow, the Dog fell in his tracks, she found strength to go to him, to

take his curiously slender muzzle in both her hands, to look without shuddering into his queer, pale eyes, to thank him.

"Good dog!" she said, and the Dog understood.

He took a fifteen minute rest there. Claire didn't grudge it. He had saved them fully an hour. When, at the end of that time, he stood up and started on, she knew that no part of the trail would worry her now. The Dog was in harness. Even the ice field seemed easy, going down. The crevasse—she made herself think of it as no more than a crack, deep, yes, but unimportant with the Dog guiding his team from snow cache to snow cache. He made a speedway of the long, slow slope through the canyon. And this time he led his team through the town of Frozen Bend without faltering. He stopped them with a flourish at the Jameson door.

Boal rubbed his eyes. "You—brought him in?"

"He brought me," Claire said. Hot tears welled up, unbidden. (Continued on page 49)



The Reason

"You, in the back of the room, what was the date of the Magna Charta?"

"I dunno."

"You don't? Well, let's try something else. Who was Bonnie Prince Charley?"

"I dunno."

"Surely you can tell me what the Tennis Oath was?"

"I dunno."

"You don't! I assigned this lesson yesterday. Where were you last night?"

"I was out at the movies with some of my friends."

"You were! And you have the audacity to stand there and tell me that! How do you ever expect to pass this course?"

"Well, mister, you see I just come in to fix the radiator.—Sent by ELDRONE REGER, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Not Lost

MOTHER: John, you've been fighting again! You've lost two of your front teeth!

JOHN: Oh, no, Mother, I haven't. I've got them in my pocket.—Sent by ANN WOODWORTH, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Correct

TEACHER: Who can name one important thing we have now that we did not have a hundred years ago?

TOMMY: Me!—Sent by HELEN MCGAVAN, Minneapolis, Kansas.



Hostile

JERRY: How long has your chauffeur been with you?

VAN: With us? Judging from the appearance of the car he seems to be against us.—Sent by ROSE SMITH, Galax, Virginia.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



How He Felt

Rastus was offered a ride in an airplane, but he declined emphatically. "No, suh!" he said. "Ah stays on terrah firmah—an' de mo' firmah, de less terrah!"—Sent by ENID WILLIAMS, Vancouver, Washington.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Wonderful

MOTHER: How did you like your trip to the department store with Auntie, darling?

SMALL MARY: All right. When we got there, we went into a box and the upstairs came down to us.—Sent by HELEN ANN WILCOX, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Imposition

A man was taken on as a stage hand at a small-town theater. He was duly installed in his new position, and, as instructed, put in an appearance on the opening night.

"Now then!" shouted the stage manager as the clock struck eight. "All is ready. Run up the curtain."

This was too much for the new man.

"What are you talking about?" he asked angrily. "Run up the curtain! I'm a stage hand, not a squirrel!"—Sent by VIRGINIA SLOTHOWER, Malvern, Iowa.



His Part

"The circus man just hired me to put my head into the lion's mouth."

"Isn't that hard on the lion?"

"Oh, no, his part of the act is a snap."—Sent by ELIZABETH MAYALL, Duluth, Minnesota.

As You Like It

PATIENT: Five dollars for drawing one tooth! You earn your money easily! Five seconds' work!

DENTIST: If you prefer, I'll draw it more slowly.—Sent by SHANNON GREENLEE, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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FOR years stamp collectors have been waiting the time when a new complete series of United States stamps would be issued. During the last two or three years an announcement has been looked for that would definitely tell all collectors that such an issue was in prospect. And the announcement was made by Postmaster General James A. Farley, in March, that a new series of stamps will definitely be issued very soon and that it may be referred to as the "Presidents' Series" because it is going to show the portrait of every former President of the United States, now dead. Because the laws of the United States do not permit the portrait of a living person to be pictured on a postage stamp, former President Herbert Hoover cannot be included.

There will be thirty-one stamps in the new series, of which six are new denominations never before issued, the new denominations being four-and-a-half cent, sixteen cent, eighteen cent, nineteen cent, thirty-five cent, and forty cent stamps. It is the intention of the Department to present the portraits of the former Presidents in their chronological order, beginning with Washington on the one cent value and finishing the series with Calvin Coolidge on the five dollar stamp. Two portraits, those of Benjamin Franklin and Martha Washington, will be the only non-Presidential portraits in the entire series and they will be pictured on the half-cent and the one-and-a-half cent stamps respectively. Franklin, as many of our readers know, was the founder of the American postal system.

Ecuador has issued two series of stamps, one for postage and the other for airmail, to honor the Constitution of the United States of America. Originally announced nearly a year ago, the large stamps have been very well produced by the American Bank Note Company and it is not unlikely that they will prove to be very popular with all stamp collectors. The design of the postage set shows a well-draped figure of Liberty, holding the flag of Ecuador. Behind her, in the background, is a snow-capped peak of the Andes. In an oval at the left is the American eagle, facing the Ecuadorian condor in a similar oval at the right. The values are two centavo dark blue, five centavo violet, ten centavo black, twenty centavo brown, fifty centavo brown black, one sucre olive, and two sucre brown.

The design of the airmail series pictures the American eagle in the front center, holding both the Stars and Stripes and the flag of Ecuador. In an oval in the upper left corner is a portrait of George Washington, and this is balanced by an oval in the upper right corner showing the arms of Ecuador. The values in this airmail series are two centavo olive, five centavo gray black, ten centavo brown, twenty centavo dark blue, fifty centavo red brown, one sucre black and two sucre violet. In addition to the colors outlined for each denomination, yellow, blue, and rose red have been used in each stamp to give them the effect of a four color engraving.

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MAKE-BELIEVE DOG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

Pete and Hank came running from the cabin before she could say more. Pete took one look at the restless figure on the sled.

"Well, Sis, you're in time," he said.

Claire's knees began to shake. She reached for a handlebar, clung to it.

"I'm—glad," she managed. Gran put her to bed, urging her into the house with sharp, affectionate words.

Claire knew for a certainty the next day, when she awoke, that Hans would live.

"The Jameson cabin is practically a hospital," Pete pointed out as they rose from the breakfast table. "Two patients in the cabin, and one in the kennels."

"Is Jake—any better?"

"He's still unconscious," Pete said, and shook his head. "It's still up to you, Sis."

"When can I see him?"

She tried to disguise the hopeful eagerness in her voice. She knew now—she was sure she knew—what would bring him back.

"He's resting now," Pete looked at her keenly.

Claire said, "I'll see him later, then," and Pete's aroused curiosity faded.

"By the way, Sis," he told her, "you're not supposed to give hypodermics!"

She looked at him, not defiantly but with so definite a certainty she had been right, that Pete's face relaxed to laughter.

"Honestly, Sis," he said, "if you're as intractable as this after you get your degree—"

"After I get my degree? Then you've made up your mind?"

Pete nodded. "I hadn't meant to tell you now," he said, "but you've won your chance, so far as I'm concerned."

"Thank you, Pete!" There was a catch in Claire's voice. She caught up her fur jacket and ran to the kennels. Boal was with King when she entered. Together, they looked at the black loose leader. His eyes worshipped the girl.

Claire stooped and took the black dog's head gently in her hands.

"Good dog," she said. "Keep fighting."

"I think," Boal spoke cautiously, "he will live."

"I know he will! He doesn't give up. Not King!"

She found the Dog in his cubicle, still wearing his harness.

"What in the world—" she began.

"He won't let me touch him." There was a queer, hurt tone in the lame Indian's voice. Claire laid a consoling hand on his arm.

"He's slow to make friends," she said—and knew the response was inadequate, but there was nothing else she could say. No dog she had ever known had spurned the touch of Boal's understanding hand. Mistreated dogs sought him out in a crowd, crouched at his feet.

"Don't touch him," the Indian cried as Claire went to the Dog. She looked her surprise.

"Why not?" she demanded. "After all, I put the harness on." And she took it off, with Boal standing by, fear in his eyes.

The lame Indian shook his head. "Jake Connolley, and you," he said. "Magic, when it comes to dogs."

Jake Connolley!

"Come here, boy," Claire said to the silver leader. The Dog came at once. She put a hand on his neck. "I'm taking him into the house," she said quietly, "just for a minute."

"Don't—"

But she moved ahead in spite of Boal's warning, and beside her the Dog kept pace. Namak screamed when the white dog entered. He cowered back against the girl. Gran came running from the living room.

"What in the world—Claire, you've gone crazy!"

"Stand still," Claire said quietly, "all of you." Pete was there, too. And Hank. "Stand still and keep quiet. I'm taking Jake's dog in to see him."

With her hand on his neck she started the Dog on again. She could feel his trembling body rubbing against her knees as she walked steadily on.

"It's all right, boy," she said quietly. "We're going to see Jake."

With her hand still on his neck, she opened the door and led him into Jake's room. The face on the pillow was white and still. Claire thought for a moment that Jake was dead.

Then the Dog pulled away from her. A whine rose in his throat. He reared up on his

hind legs, laid his paws on the bed, and his nose on his paws. His queer, pale eyes searched Jake's face.

"Jake," Claire said. Behind her she heard Pete enter the room. She motioned him to silence.

"Jake!"

With her hand on the neck of his dog, the girl leaned close to Jake Connolley. She pursed her lips, whistling the bar of music that wasn't music at all, that was the echo of the thumping feet of dogs, taking a trail.

The white face on the pillow stirred. Claire whistled again, louder now, imperiously. Jake Connolley opened his eyes. He turned his head. He looked at the girl. After a long moment he spoke.

"Hello, Claire!" he said.

They let him sleep for fourteen hours after that. The Dog wouldn't leave his side. At the end of that time Pete came for the girl. She was curled in a chair beside Hans's bed. Hans was asleep.

"Jake is asking for you," Pete said.

Jake Connolley tried to smile when he saw her, the ghost of the smile she remembered so well.

Her throat was stiff. "You're—doing better," she said. One of Jake's hands lay on the Dog's neck. Claire approached to lay her own beside it.

"Don't touch him!" For a voice so feeble, Jake's tone was sharp.

"Don't touch him?" Claire laughed. "I've been driving him, Jake. He's a good dog."

"You've been driving him!"

"Did you mind?" Her eyes widened. This hadn't occurred to her, that Jake would resent her use of his dog. "I needed a leader," she tried to explain. "I needed a dog."

"But he isn't a dog!"

Claire had to lean close to hear the straining words. On the nape of her neck she could feel the hair rise. Was Jake really himself? Had she brought him back? Or was he still out of his head?

"What is he?" With despair in her heart she forced herself to speak quietly, gently. "He acts like a dog!"

"Yes," Jake murmured. "I trained him. But he isn't a dog. He's a wolf!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

many times, she decided that if she ever was to have some fluffy chickens, she must find a place far enough away from the log cabin so that the children should not find her eggs. And at the same time that the new nest must be as safe from other enemies as possible.

So the Dominic started hunting for such a place. She wandered farther and farther away from the log cabin and came to the woods at the edge of the clearing.

The children never came to the woods, but the Old Gray Hen did not know that this was because Indians might be prowling there. The most troublesome times with the Indians were over, but there was an occasional difficulty between the settlers and the red men.

The hen only knew that the woods seemed quiet and still, and that she had discovered the nicest place for a nest. It was a little space under the prostrate trunk of a maple tree, a space in the dark green moss encircled by furry sprays of trailing evergreen, while all about stood a bushy thicket. "Now here,"

OLD GRAY HEN of MAINE

decided the hen, "I shall be able at last to start my family."

Every day the Old Gray Hen managed to slip away for a little while to the space under the trunk of the fallen maple and leave a warm brown egg in the mossy nest. And when she returned to the cabin in the clearing, she was careful not to boast about what she was doing.

Finally she decided she had enough eggs from which to raise a family. Under the fallen maple she began brooding them beneath her speckled feathers.

After that hour she did not return to the clearing, even though she heard the boy and the girl calling and calling to her. The Dominic was taking no chances of losing this setting of eggs. So she ate her meals in the woods, picking up some wild seeds which had fallen there, and scratching for worms in a sunny spot near the nest. She never left the thicket where her nest was for very long, for she was so afraid something might happen to

the eggs. If anything did happen, the Old Gray Hen knew she would be too discouraged to try again. And she did so want some nice, fluffy chickens.

And finally it really seemed as though her wish were coming true. Her three long weeks of brooding were nearly over. Any moment now one of those first-laid eggs might crack and out of the shell cradle would burst the first fluffy chicken.

The Dominic grew quite excited when she thought about it. On a certain morning, therefore, she left her nest for the barest moment, swallowed a few worms and one hard beetle, and hurried back. But she did pause a moment to look toward the cabin in the clearing. Soon she hoped she would be able to return to that place, with all her fluffy children.

At the cabin the settler was mounting his horse, for there was business to be done which would wait no longer. The woman stood in the doorway, with the boy on one side and the girl on the other. The three of

them waved to the man until he disappeared down the curving path. Then the woman put her hand to her eyes for a moment. The hen clucked. Perhaps she was thinking that it must be no easy thing for a frontier woman to bring up a family, either.

Then the Old Gray Hen crept into the thicket and settled down on her eggs once more. Everything in the woods was still. A ray of sun came through the branches of the trees and found a break in the bushes through which it shone warm on the Gray Hen's back. The hen dozed a little, head on one side, eyes closed, for she was very, very tired.

Something woke the Gray Hen suddenly. She sat blinking for a moment. Had she dreamed that cracking noise? Then, without warning, a long wild-turkey feather wiggled right in the Gray Hen's face. The feather was thrust into the hair of a crawling Indian.

Was there no safety anywhere? The hen's beak opened wide and such a noise as came out! Spreading her wings, she flew straight up from that nest in the woods. High over the bushes she sailed, wings wide, making a great tumult of sound as she landed, and then, still squawking and cackling, she half ran, half flew toward the cabin. The whole clearing rang with her protests.

At the very first squawk, the woman in the cabin rushed to the door. Up from the bushes in the wood she saw her lost Dominic fly—and saw no more. The next moment she was thrusting the children inside the cabin, was barricading the door and reaching for her musket. Then, to the accompaniment of the hen's scolding outside, the woman looked from an upper window. Her eyes were riveted on the bushes from which she had seen her Old Gray Hen rising. At first everything there

was still, and then one bush moved slightly. The musket spoke then, spoke once.

After that single shot the Old Gray Hen pecked gratefully at the handful of corn the woman scattered for her. And then she hurried back to her nest, for in spite of everything those eggs must be cared for.

When the settler returned a few days later he found his wife and children safe and sound, waiting for him. And in front of his door paraded the Old Gray Hen, clucking anxiously to her new family of fluffy chickens.

"The Dominic saved us," explained the woman, and the man said that, from that time on, the hen should raise all the families she wanted to.

And she did. In fact, even to this day, the descendants of the family who once dwelt in that clearing in the Maine woods still raise hens and they'll have none but "Dominics."

YOUR SCHOOL GIVES A PARTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

cial is invited to stand at the head of the receiving line. If there is a faculty member serving on the party committee, he or she may stand next. Then perhaps there will be the chairman of the committee and possibly the other members. The arrangement depends upon the school and also upon the formality of the occasion. A long line is not suitable for a small intimate gathering. If the head of the school is a man and he is married, his wife should be asked to receive with him. When there is a guest of honor, he or she stands next to the one at the head of the line—the idea being that the head of the line knows most of the guests whom he introduces to the honored visitor.

Every girl and boy who attends the dance is expected to "go down the line." Some of them hate the idea, or they think they will be embarrassed and at a loss to know what to say. The party committee may help out this situation by a little tactful guidance. "Won't you go over and say good evening to our hosts?" a committee member may say to a couple who is standing around waiting for the music to start. "You don't have to stop and visit with them, you know. Just shake hands and say 'how do you do.' Introduce yourself if there is anyone who doesn't know your name."

In approaching a receiving line, a girl walks ahead of her escort. When introductions are necessary she uses her full name and does not refer to herself as "Miss." She should say, "Mrs. Browne, I am Mary Brooks." Not, "I am Miss Brooks." Then, turning to her escort, she adds, "May I introduce Kenneth Williams?"

One very necessary thing to remember is the importance of running your party without a deficit. As chairman, you should be able to account for every penny you have handled. And you should know exactly how much everything will cost—the decorations, music, flowers, refreshments, transportation of chaperons, the dance hall, even the tips. If you are able to use a typewriter, so much the better. Make carbon copies of all your correspondence and keep a record of everything. Mistakes can arise very easily in the maze of details. If the mistakes are yours, and you are the person in authority, you are morally obligated to make up any deficit that the school refuses to take care of.

In the collection of dues, or fees, for a dance or any other school party, save yourself from any murmur of criticism by giving a

receipt for every fee you receive. Keep a clear record so that anybody can look at your books and understand how much money you have taken in and what you did with it. Above all else, do not carry around money that belongs to a school organization. Turn over every dime to some one in authority in the school who is supposed to look after school funds. Ask that the money be put in the school safe. Count out the money and get a receipt. All this makes it easier for the person who takes responsibility for the money as well as for yourself. Needless unhappiness may be avoided by this simple precaution.

We have left to the last one of the most important things about the school dance—the matter of seeing that every one has a good time. That, of course, is the real reason for having the party, so let's see what the committees can do in this respect.

Will the dance be a program dance, or a break dance? Only when you have more boys than girls is the break dance really successful. (Unless the girls do the breaking—as they do in some boarding schools.)

Programs are really much nicer—although the committee sometimes has to exercise a good deal of skill and persuasion to see that every one has a completely filled card. There are always the shy boys and girls, and the ones who don't dance so well. As chairman, use your influence with your friends and get them to help you out, whether they want to or not. It's surprising how many boys and girls who have never been much fun, add their share to a party once they come out of their shells. It is certainly a mistake to "settle your mind" about any one. You just can't tell what possibilities people have until you give them a chance.

Appointing a good floor committee is the best possible way of making sure that the party is a success. These important people are officially responsible for seeing that guests are introduced and that every one who wants to dance has a partner. Whenever a couple seems to be dancing too long together (as at a break dance) some member of the floor committee either cuts in on them, or signals to a friend to do so. The floor committee also keeps its collective eye out for neglected chaperons, for girls who aren't dancing, for boys who are too shy to ask for dances, etc.

Hard work for the floor committee? Not if you appoint the right ones. They will have more fun than anyone at the party if they have a flair for their job.

Teas are a favorite way for the girls of the school to entertain their mothers, the faculty, or visitors from another school.

The arrangements for a tea are simple. Sandwiches or little cakes (or both) and tea (or coffee) constitute the refreshments. A few flowers and candles for the tea table are all you need for decorations. Ask a teacher or one of the mothers to "pour," and appoint several girls to assist her. The one who pours usually wears a hat, but the assistants do not.

Probably the chief thing to stress in giving a tea at school is the manner in which guests are greeted and looked after. It is best to appoint several girls to greet the guests with friendliness and cordiality, to see that they are served, that they have places to sit, that they meet as many other guests as possible.

One thing to guard against in giving a small informal tea is the tendency of people to sit down and stay in one place instead of moving around and talking with the various guests and hostesses. It is very often a good idea to say to a guest, "Mrs. Brown, I would like to have you move over here for a while so that Mrs. Black will have the pleasure of talking to you." Shifting people about in this way helps to keep your party from being stuffy.

When a guest gets up to leave, be cordial and not too abrupt in stopping the conversation. Try to bring whatever is being said to a natural breaking off point, and don't make it difficult for any one to take her departure. There is nothing more tiresome than long-drawn-out leave-takings and conversations that just don't seem to end.

Perhaps some of the girls who read this article have never yet served on a committee or been chairman of anything. Well, your turn will come one of these days! Meanwhile, don't get the idea that you are unimportant. Whenever you go to a party, at school or otherwise, you have definite responsibilities. You must be pleasant to everyone you meet. Dancing with one little crowd and ignoring everyone else is rude and clannish, and doesn't help in the least to make you popular with hostesses and party committees. Get outside your own little circle of friends. Talk to the chaperons and special guests. Practice the art of meeting people and being friendly. You will have a better time and a more interesting time; and the party will be a happier occasion because of your cooperation. No party committee can do a "bang up job" unless the guests do their part.



What's in a Name?

and settled themselves under the maple.

"Look at those little white clouds—like sheep grazing in a blue meadow!" Jean spoke dreamily. "They make me think of Orson Lowell's *A Plea for the Sky*, in the June *AMERICAN GIRL*."

"I loved that little piece," said Joan. "And I've been noticing clouds a lot ever since I read it. By the way, wasn't that article by Helen Wilcox on shrimp fishing in Alaska interesting?"

"Fascinating. And the Beatrice Pierce article is full of new ideas for picnics. It seems to me the whole June number is a knockout—with a Midge story, a Bushy-and-Lofty story, and the beginning of that grand new serial, *Happy Acres*, by Lenora Mattingly Weber."

"There are some new authors and illustrators in this issue, too," added Joan. "Lyla Snowden who wrote that adorable cat story, *Thing of Beauty*, is new to our magazine; and so is the illustrator, Clare Turlay Newberry. She's famous for her cats, by the way. Remember her cat book, *Mittens*?"

"I should say I do," said Jean. "Eleanor Hull who wrote *The Moon, and the Stars, Too*, is another new contributor; and so is W. L. Van Gundy who illustrated the story." Abruptly she held up her hand. "Hark!" she cried. "There comes an automobile." She jumped up and ran to the fence, waving wildly. "It's the Carmans," she called back to Joan, "and they'll give us a lift home!"

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JEAN struggled to a sitting position, casting a black look after her roan horse, Harmony, as he cantered away down the country road. She tested her person cautiously as her chum bent above her.

"Are you hurt, Jinny?" Joan asked. "Try and get up, darling. Then we can see if anything's broken."

"I'm not broken—just mad," said Jean, rubbing her elbow. "Some morning that horse is going to wake up and find his name is changed to 'Discord.' Harmony, my eye!"

"What happened anyway?" begged Joan, laughing.

"Oh, a squirrel flipped his tail at him—and it scared him, I guess. Anyway, he landed me in the ditch."

• "I'd better tie Melody," said Joan. "When you went sailing off, I was so scared I just dismounted in a hurry and left her standing."

She glanced back. "Why—where is she?"

"There go the two of them!" Jean directed her friend's eye to a bend in the road where two horses—one roan, one bay—were gayly disappearing around the turn. "It looks like walking home, Jo."

• "But there isn't a house in sight," protested Joan, "and it's all of six miles."

"Well, the horses will probably make a bee-line for the stable, and then Hodges will come out after us. He knew we were taking the Long Hill Road. We might as well make ourselves comfortable while we wait."

"There's a nice maple tree to park under, over in the field," Joan pointed out.

Jean picked herself up, and the two girls scrambled over the fence



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